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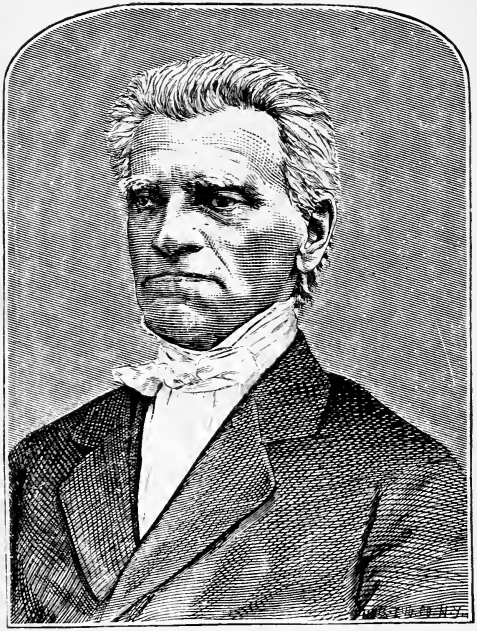

SAMUEL CLAWSON.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

REV. SAMUEL CLAWSON.

BY REV. JAMES ROBISON,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN SCOTT, D. D.

"A dinner of fragments is said often to be the best dinner. So are the very few minds but might furnish some instruction and entertainment out of their scraps, their odds and ends of thought. They who can not weave a uniform web may at least produce a piece of patch-work, which may be useful and not without a charm of its own."

SECOND THOUSAND.

PITTSBURGH, PA.:
CHARLES A. SCOTT, PUBLISHER.
1883.

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BY
REV. JAMES ROBISON.

PREFACE.

THIS volume, now presented to the public, owes its origin to two things: First. The high regard I have entertained for the honored dead for nearly forty-six years as a Christian minister, truly devoted to his calling, very eccentric and original in his ministrations, and unusually successful in "winning souls." Second. The desire of the numerous friends of our deceased brother that those traits of his character and circumstances of his history and ministry, which made him a remarkable man, should be rescued from oblivion and find a place in the literature of the Methodist Protestant Church.

I had imagined, from the general impression among the friends of Brother Clawson of the propriety of such a publication, that the information I asked for some time ago would be spontaneously offered. But in this I have been disappointed, and this has caused delay. At length, however, I have brought the work to a close, and now, with becoming humility, I resign it to God's blessing and the consideration of the many friends of our dear departed brother, and shall feel happy if those who knew and loved him, from reading these pages, shall be able to recall with grateful emotions the image and excellencies of their dear friend and my old brother.

JAMES ROBISON.

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INTRODUCTION.

EVERY CHURCH has its history, either written or unwritten, and this history is inseparably connected with the lives and characters of those who have composed the church, and who have contributed to give it form and vitality. A mere chronicle of facts, however important they may be, can never so interest the mind as when they are linked with the personal characteristics and habits of those who were intimately connected with them, either as agents in bringing them about, or as participants in the scenes to which they refer. The great charm of Macaulay's History of England is, that it reproduces in vivid outline the peculiar char-

acteristics and habits of the people in the times of which he wrote. A church history possessing this characteristic would have an interest and charm which no mere narration of facts could give it. Whatever contributes to the production of such a history of the church is valuable, and can not fail to be appreciated.

The Methodist Protestant Church has suffered great loss, in that no suitable memorials have been preserved of many of the noble men who contributed so much to its formation and prosperity. It has had men in it who would have honored any church, but of whom comparatively little is known by the present members of the church which they labored so faithfully to build up. No suitable memoir has ever been published of Shinn, or Snethen, or Dorsey, or Avery, or Stockton, or Jennings, or the Reeses, and many others who might be named. Their memories are sacredly cherished in the hearts of those who knew them, but they

will soon be gone, and the noble deeds of these noble men will be forgotten. This is greatly to be regretted; and it is most ardently desired that the scattered materials, which are yet available, may be gathered up by some one, and combined with the recollections of these worthy men in such a form as to prove a rich legacy to the church. Such men should be held in everlasting remembrance.

The author of the present volume has endeavored to rescue from oblivion the name and memory of one who, in an eccentric sphere, served the church both long and faithfully. The eccentricity of his genius, and the peculiar character of his performances, made such an impression upon the mind of the author as has enabled him to give a most vivid view of his character, and to faithfully reproduce many of the important scenes in his life. These being somewhat unusual, can not fail to interest, and, in some instances, to greatly amuse the reader.

There are fixed stars in the heavens, and sometimes there are burning comets and flashing meteors. Each one has its proper place, and serves its proper purpose in the physical universe. There is something analogous to this in the mental and moral world. Some men are like fixed stars, who always appear in their proper place, burning and shining with a steady light. Others are like comets, who occasionally appear, moving in eccentric orbits, and for a time attracting far more than ordinary attention. Then, there are others who flash out with unwonted brilliancy, but who soon disappear. The subject of this volume belonged to the second of these classes.

Mr. Clawson's mind was not cast in the usual mold. Eccentric, brilliant and impressive, he moved in a sphere peculiarly his own. He could not be like others, and others could not be like him. God made him to differ from other men, and He often used him to accomplish what others could

not effect. His peculiarities are presented, not for imitation, but as an illustration of the diversity of gifts which God employs in carrying on His work. With all his eccentricities, Mr. Clawson was a man of ardent piety, lived a devoted Christian life, and died a calm and peaceful death. From an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Clawson for many years, we can vouch for the faithfulness of the portraiture of him which is here given. We have personal knowledge of a number of the incidents recorded in this volume, and have witnessed others equally characteristic and striking. In certain particulars, Mr. Clawson was a most remarkable man. He was a close observer of everything occurring around him, and disposed to turn everything to some good account. He was a child of nature, without literary culture and refinement, and yet, although sometimes indulging in the ludicrous, possessed a keen perception of the true and beautiful beyond anything which mere culture could give.

His mind was cultivated in a certain direction, and it is doubtful whether an attempt to turn his mind into the channels of thought pursued by ordinary men would not have dimmed rather than increased the luster of his genius. Taking him all in all, Mr. Clawson was no ordinary man. With a mind sparkling with true genius, and a heart overflowing with gentleness, he was a delightful companion, a true friend, and, above all, a sincere Christian.

The author of these sketches has performed a service which the church will doubtless appreciate. More charming than a novel, the book can not fail to obtain readers.

JOHN SCOTT.

Recollections of Rev. Samuel Clawson.

Recollections of Rev. Samuel Clawson.

Chapter I.

Parentage—Birthplace—Pine Forests—Conviction of Sin and Efforts to Secure Pardon—Remarkable Conversion—Call to Preach the Gospel.

THE Rev. Samuel Clawson was born among the woody wilds of Northwestern Pennsylvania, not far from where the thriving town of Punxsutawney now stands. His father was a soldier in the army of the immortal Washington, and one of those patriot heroes by whose valor and sufferings the liberty and independence we enjoy was secured. He was also one of the pioneer settlers in the primæval forests of Jefferson County, Pa., so called for the author of the declaration of American independence.

That part of Jefferson County in which Mr. Clawson was born and raised, sends part of its waters to the Gulf of Mexico and part to the Atlantic Ocean; so that some lumbermen of that region have the choice of two water ways by which to convey their timber and lumber to market. These great pine forests, before the axe of the lumberman was lifted up against them, were indescribably grand, the trees being very large, tall, straight and thickly set. One of the grandest sights I ever beheld in the vegetable kingdom, I saw some years ago, not far from the early home of Mr. Clawson. It was in the summer season. I had been conducted by a friend to the heart of a large tract of pine land, where he had fixed his residence; from there in the early dawn I took a path that led into the dark woods. As it grew light I looked to my right and left, but could see nothing but the gray trunks of the grand old pines. There was no underbrush; the ground was covered with the fallen leaves of the pines, which made a cov-

ering soft to the tread as a velvet brussels carpet. I looked up, but could see nothing but the intertwining green tops of the lofty trees. Not a spot of the blue sky was visible. Not an insect or animal was to be seen. Not a sound was to be heard, save the low sighing of the morning breeze, plaintive as the tones of the harp of Æolius among the topmost branches of these tall sons of the forest.

Pressing on, filled with wonder and awe, I saw at last where a road had been cut out for the purpose of hauling these long trees whole, for making masts and spars for rigging ships. This road was straight as a line could be drawn, and exactly east and west. As I stepped into it a spectacle of almost unearthly beauty and glory greeted my vision. The great sun was rising and pouring his golden rays down this grand aisle, and in a few minutes it was filled with a brightness and glory that was overpowering, while on my right and left hand, among the trees, there was a dark

and weird appearance that contrasted strongly with the bright light around me. I felt as though I stood in the long drawn aisle of a grand cathedral, adorned on each side with an interminable colonnade and overarched with the blue sky. The air was burdened with a delicious fragrance, like that of the incense of the morning sacrifice, while all was filled with the glory of God. I instinctively dropped on my knees and poured out my heart in adoring love and gratitude in the ear of a Father who seemed nearer to me than I had ever realized before.

In this and neighboring counties the great chain of the Allegheny Mountains breaks off, and the face of the country is wild and rugged, interspersed with deep glens, rapid streams, tall mountain spurs, from whose summits frowning rocks look down with threatening aspect on all below. These wilds were once the favorite haunts of abundant game and beasts of prey. These streams of pure cold water were in those days filled with beautiful

speckled mountain trout, the most delicious fish that swims. The catching of these constitutes a piscatorial pastime that would have been perfectly enchanting to his excellency, the President of the United States, or even Sir Isaac Walton. No doubt the young Clawson, who afterwards became a great fisher of men, did his full share in catching these sly, active and beautiful creatures. In the midst of such surroundings Mr. Clawson spent the days of his youth and early manhood, and it is not singular, considering his mental temperament, that he should be powerfully impressed with what he was daily brought in contact with, and that all his speeches and sermons in after life should abound with the bold imagery and a weird eloquence that distinguished him from all others, and gained for him the appellation of the "wild man" or "western orator." It was perfectly natural with him to be highly figurative in his conversation, as well as his pulpit efforts, and all his figures seemed to come

spontaneously, without study or previous arrangement. If he was eccentric, it was not because he tried to be so, but because he could not be otherwise. In love with nature, he saw it in some of its grandest forms. It was not singular that in his early life his thoughts should be turned to nature's God, and especially so, because of the counsel, example and prayers of a pious mother, whom he tenderly loved and revered.

When quite a young man he was deeply convinced of sin, and awakened to a sense of his lost condition as a sinner in the sight of a holy God. In this state of mind he earnestly sought the pardoning mercy of God, but for a long time seemingly in vain. He was diligent in the use of God's appointed means of grace, reading the Bible, praying at his bedside, in the woods and at the prayer and class-meeting, sometimes walking a great distance to these meetings, always held in the houses of those who feared God. On one occasion, as he once told me, he went to a prayer-meeting

which was held at the house of a neighbor on a Sabbath morning. The house was built in the middle of a field that was but partially cleared, the brush was picked and burned, the stumps all standing, and the logs lying thick on the ground. In this log cabin quite a number of pious neighbors were gathered for prayer and class-meeting. "My distress," said he, "was very great, but the brethren and sisters prayed earnestly for my salvation. I prayed too with all my might, when quick as a flash of lightning my burden fell off, and my soul was filled with joy unspeakable. I sprang from my knees, so they told me, until my head touched the ceiling boards, not knowing what to do with myself, or how to express my gratitude to God for what He had done for my soul! I felt the house was too little for me, and with a bound, I cleared the door and took my course round the field, leaping over logs and stumps and rocks, shouting glory, glory! at every bound. The whole congregation were out after me with all their

might, fearing I would kill myself, but I cleared everything in my way, and felt as though I could fly. They pursued me round and round, and tried to head me and catch me, but all in vain. At last I struck for the house, but it was empty. I fell down on my knees and poured out my gratitude to God in shouts of praise, while the brethren came in puffing and blowing, some laughing and some crying for joy. I gave myself wholly to God then and there, and felt that He had called me to preach. I went home and told my mother what the Lord had done for me, and she cried for joy; but when I told her I must preach the Gospel, she lifted her hands in astonishment, and said: 'O, Samuel, you foolish boy; how can you preach the Gospel without a college education?' (She was a Presbyterian, and thought no one should preach who was not educated for that purpose.) I told her the Lord would help me." And so the Lord did. Many hundreds who were converted under his ministry are the witnesses of it.

Chapter II.

Commencement of Ministerial Labors—Early Success—Joins the Conference—First Speech—Defends a Young Brother.

HAVING been clearly and powerfully converted, and impressed with the conviction that the Lord called him to preach the Gospel, he was "not disobedient to the divine call," but began "to stir up the gift of God that was in him," by exhorting sinners to flee the wrath to come.

At one of his first meetings, held in a schoolhouse, a young man from Punxsutawney came in with some young ladies, who lived near by, to hear the new preacher. After singing and prayer, he read a chapter, and went into an exhortation, in which he described the fearful doom that awaited the impenitent, by such

figures and terrific language that so frightened the young man and his party, that they fled as for their lives to their home. The man of the house asked the young man what he thought of the preacher, to which he replied: "Old people may stand him, but young people had better keep out of his way, for," said he, "I never heard the like in my life."

At another place, a man whose wife was a zealous Methodist, but who was not well enough to go to meeting, said to her: "I will go and hear Sammy to-night, and will take notes of the sermon, and give you a full account of it." She besought him not to do so, "for," said she, "if he sees you at it, it will confuse him, and prevent him doing any good." But he took paper and pencil, determined to take the notes. When Mr. Clawson began to preach, he began to write; but as Brother Clawson grew warmer, his utterance became more rapid, until it became a perfect torrent, and the man got confused, and put up his pencil and paper, and listened attentively

till the sermon was over, and went home in a very serious mood. When bed-time came, he seemed very uneasy, and, with tears, said that he felt he could not go to bed without prayer. His wife, who had been praying for him while Clawson was preaching to him, was overjoyed to hear this, and said: "Let us both kneel down and pray." God heard their united prayer, and he was powerfully blessed before he rose from his knees.

At another of his meetings, a man by the name of Warner, who became associate judge in his county, became a subject of converting grace, and a zealous and useful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. About twenty-five years after his conversion, Brother Clawson and I called at the Pittsburgh Methodist Episcopal Conference, being held in Allegheny City. A crowd of preachers were standing in front of the church, and among them was Judge Warner. Clawson recognized him in a moment, and they were in each other's arms in a twinkling. The

judge owned Clawson as his spiritual father, and as such introduced him to the crowd. It created quite a sensation, as the preachers shook hands with Clawson and congratulated him upon his youthful achievement.

Though his education was very poor, and his reading quite limited, it was remarkable how correctly he spoke, even when his utterances were most rapid and his sermon most impassioned. It was very seldom he blundered in grammar, and his pronunciation was very correct.

He became a member of the Pittsburgh Conference in 1834, having traveled in Eastern Ohio the previous year, in the employment of the president. The session of the conference at which he joined was held in Mt. Pleasant, Ohio. During this session he made his first speech in conference. The occasion of it was this: A young man who had traveled the year before, was a candidate for admission into the conference, and a motion for his admission was before the conference, but there were

objections to his reception. While he had been quite successful in adding members to his charge, he had paid little or no attention to the rules of the Discipline, and was disposed to be anarchical, and have things his own way. After several speeches had been made for and against the motion to receive, a young man arose, seemingly full of the subject, and all aglow with animation. Very few knew him; but when he addressed the chair, the president announced the name of Brother Clawson. He said: "We ought to bear with one another, and promote each other's improvement and usefulness. I presume there are very few of us that are faultless. Yet, as ministers, we should be law abiding. Now, from what has been said, this brother has zeal and talents for usefulness, and, with proper training, may become one of our most successful preachers. Give him a chance. Put him on a circuit with me, and if he is a little rapid and unruly at first, I will hold him with the *taut reins* of the Discipline." Then throw-

ing himself into the attitude of a man holding an ungovernable horse by the driving lines, bracing and exerting all his muscular power, with his eyes flashing with excitement, he continued: "I would hold him, and let him plunge and foam and snort and rear, and if he reared as high as the walls of Jericho, he would but throw himself." He finished this speech with a leap, by which, it is said, he cleared the floor nearly three feet, and took his seat amid a storm of applause, at which the venerable Asa Shinn, who was in the chair, laughed heartily. The young man was received. Ever after that, when Clawson took the floor, he had the undivided attention of the conference, and nearly always carried his point. He was a true friend of the young preachers, if they were humble and devoted, though they might not be greatly gifted or learned; but woe to him who was puffed up with conceit and came in his way.

A case in point now occurs to me. A young man who had preached two years under a

license, and had been quite successful where he had labored, was recommended for deacon's orders, and a motion for his election was before conference. This was vehemently opposed by a young man who had a good opinion of himself, and who was regarded as a fine theologian and a good preacher, but, like too many others, depended on his pulpit efforts and neglected his pastoral duties, and was unsuccessful in the ministry. The poor scholarship and lack of a knowledge of theology were vigorously urged against the young man's election, in a long and labored speech, at the close of which Mr. Clawson arose and said: "Mr. President, we have had an enormous weight of theological learning, divinity and science on this floor, but it has sustained the great burden without the cracking of a joist or the crushing of a board, and we may all be thankful that we have been preserved from a terrible tumble into the cellar. We are all safe. God has a great variety of people in this world, and to save them He employs a

great variety of talents in the ministry. Some, like the soaring eagle, mount up on high, and wing their upward way, leave suns and stars beneath them, and find a congenial atmosphere far removed from all below. These have their admirers, but few, if any, converts. The domestic fowls (the common people) hide from them; are afraid of them. Others can scarcely fly at all, and our brother is one of them. But he knows the hiding places of them that are frightened by the shadow of those who soar on high. He can dodge under the autumnal grass, and bring out the poultry; and his converts number ten to the learned brother's one.

"The church has given the brother license to preach the Gospel, which is certainly more important than celebrating matrimony, administering baptism or assisting in the administration of the Lord's Supper. Shall we clothe him with authority to proclaim salvation to his dying fellow-creatures, and while we witness his zeal and success, the best evi-

dences of a call to the ministry, refuse to give him authority to administer the ordinances of God's church to those in whose salvation he has been instrumental. I pray you, brethren, be consistent. God has a work for this brother to do, and he has been doing his work. Instead of discouraging, let us bid him God's speed, and in the great day of the Lord, we may rejoice to see our brother among the wise, shining as the brightness of the firmament, and having turned many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Chapter III.

Appointed to Newark—Boy Rebuked for Crowing in Church—Defection of Many Members—Cuts Cordwood to Support His Family—Visits Zanesville Circuit—Don't Like Stations.

AT the session of the Pittsburgh Conference, held in Wheeling, West Va., in September, 1837, a man by the name of Hays represented the Methodist Protestant Church of Newark, Ohio, and wished that appointment constituted a station, and Brother Clawson appointed pastor. Brother Clawson was much pleased with the arrangement. He would have ample time to study, a fair salary, and a good congregation, and anticipated a pleasant, prosperous year. Brother Hays was full of good promises, and no preacher in the conference would suit him and his people but

Brother Clawson. Newark was made a station and Clawson appointed to it.

This was my first year in the ministry, and I was appointed assistant to Rev. William Reeves on the Zanesville Circuit. One of our appointments (Clay Lick) was about three miles from Newark, making us near neighbors. Hays heralded Clawson's coming in such glowing terms as to draw a great crowd to hear him, especially on Sabbath evenings. The house, which was of good size, would not hold the people. The doors were left open and the windows were raised, and a great crowd stood around the house listening attentively to the strange preacher. On such occasions Brother Clawson exerted himself to the utmost of his strength, warning sinners "to flee the wrath to come," and many of his appeals were surprisingly eloquent and powerful. On one of these occasions, a young man who was present, says Mr. Clawson was on fire and took an exceedingly lofty flight, after which he had to pause to recover his strength.

During this pause a wicked wretch crowed like a young rooster, causing a laugh in the congregation. Brother Clawson, who was always ready for such an emergency, saw the young man when he crowed, and fixing his eyes upon him, said: "I was not aware that there was any of that breed of fowls present. I can scarcely imagine what has brought the foolish thing here. The house of God is no place for such fowls. The county has, at great expense, built a coop for such fowls, and I wonder that the people let the thing run at large." Then putting on such a look and speaking in such tones as made the wretch quail before him, he said: "Young man, I suppose you think you have done something smart and laughable, but I would not do what you have done for the world. You have insulted the great God to His face in His house, and in the midst of His worship, and it would not be wonderful to me if He were to transform your wicked mouth into a chicken's bill, and rivet it fast to the staff of His fury, and

thrash the mountains with you. Crow again if you dare, and it may be that a red-hot thunderbolt, hurled by the hand of omnipotence, may scath your wretched soul." This was said as only Clawson could say it, in such a manner as sent a thrill of shuddering horror through the crowd. There was no crowing afterwards. The crowd continued to come to these evening meetings, and the preacher was greatly encouraged, but he soon began to perceive that the promises of support made by Hays were not likely to be fulfilled. Hays began to find fault and show signs of coldness toward Brother Clawson, and as he had great influence with the congregation, Clawson saw that no moral support could be expected from him, and began to feel that Hays was a great hinderance to the prosperity of the church. A neighboring preacher came to Newark and inquired of a man on the street, where he could find a Mr. Hays. "Old windy Hays, I suppose, is the Hays you are inquiring after," said the man. "I believe,"

said the preacher, his "name is James Hays." "O, yes," said the man, "that's old windy, the greatest old rogue in the town." This the preacher told Clawson, who began to see what kind of a man Hays was. Clawson observed that in the morning meetings Hays was very responsive, and seemed to enjoy the services very much; but at night, when the crowd was present, he sat with his head down and his face covered with his hands, and not one amen or response of any kind was heard from him. Clawson asked Hays why he acted so strangely, and he replied that "the loud preaching at night made his head ache." "That is a mistake," said Clawson, "it is not the loud preaching. If you were to hold your head up, and keep your heart lifted up to God in prayer for God to help me, there would be no headache; but you get your head down, and get to whacking heads with the devil, and the devil's head is so much harder than yours that he makes your head ache, and you blame it on the loud preaching." Hays de-

clared he would leave the church, and Clawson told him to do so; and that he had no doubt, from what he had learned, that the best thing that he (Hays) could do for the church was to leave it. Hays publicly withdrew, and took twenty-five or thirty with him, thus depriving Brother Clawson of nearly all the support promised him. The remnant of the membership was poor, and could do but little by way of support, but they were pious and loved their pastor, and he loved them, and declared he would serve them until the close of the year. If they would do all they could, he would let it be seen that he had not passed through Brush College without profit, but had graduated as a *first-class lumberman*.

He went to a hardware store and selected an axe that pleased him well. He was a good judge of such an article, and could handle it with as much dexterity, and to as good effect, as any of his classmates of Brush College, his *alma mater*, of Jefferson County, Pa. He secured a contract for cutting a lot of cord-

wood at a fair price, and went to work with a will. About a month after he began to cut, the news of his moral heroism reached us on Zanesville Circuit, and I was appointed a committee of one to go to Newark and bring him to Brownsville, the principal town on our circuit, that our people might see, and hear, and help him. I found him at home, happy in the Lord. He showed me his hands, the insides of which were covered with new skin, the old having peeled off. He showed me a new pair of pants and a vest, and took me to his larder and showed me flour, fish, bacon, tea and coffee, and other necessaries, all of which he had earned with his good axe, which he brought out to show and tell me of its good qualities. After we had enjoyed a good dinner, I told my errand, and requested him to go with me to Brownsville, with the promise that I would see him safe home before the next Sabbath.

Mounted on two good horses, we soon arrived at Brownsville, and found all the good

people on the lookout for Brother Clawson. Sister Reeves, our "lady preacher," who was the prime mover in this matter, had an appointment widely circulated for him to preach at "early candle-light."

Brother Clawson gave us a rousing sermon, at the close of which Sister Reeves told the people how Brother Clawson had been treated, and how heroically he had met the difficulty, and asked for help, which was freely and abundantly given.

Next day might be seen a committee of our good sisters, with Sister Reeves at their head, going from store to store, buying abundantly such things as they judged might be needed by the Clawsons. By twelve o'clock the purchases were all made, and the remaining cash on hand paid over to Brother Clawson, whose tears were proof of the gratitude of his heart.

Again mounted on our good steeds, we were soon on our way to Newark, with our bales and bundles attracting the attention of

all the people along the road, who seemed to wonder who we were and what our business might be.

A happier family was not to be found in Newark than the Clawsons when we piled up the goods on their tables. The good people of Newark Circuit, close by, heard what the people of Brownsville had done, and determined not to be behind in the good work, sent a cart load of flour and meat and groceries for Brother Clawson, and I question whether Brother Clawson was ever better sustained than he was that year.

At the next conference, which was held in New Lancaster, Ohio, when Brother Clawson appeared before the Stationing Committee, he had no knowledge of any delegate having asked for him, and felt discouraged. The president asked him what request he had to make with regard to the coming year. He intended to say his case was rather *precarious*, but got the word *vicarious*. "Brethren," said he, "my case is rather a *vicarious* one this

year," at which the brethren laughed. This nettled him, and remembering his last year's experience as a stationed preacher, he said: "As to your stations, I care no more for them than a hungry fox would care for a vacated hen roost."

Chapter IV.

Appointed to Newark Circuit—Great Revival in Zanesville—Curiosity of the Devil to See the New World—Singular Conversion of Some Young Men—The Doctor's Mistake.

AFTER his trials and triumphs in Newark, stations had no charm for him. They were too monotonous, and soon became too stale for his taste and genius. No field pleased him better than a good large circuit, among the hills and valleys of the Pittsburgh Conference. Mounted on a good horse, riding from appointment to appointment, his mind was continually in contact with the works of God around him, gathering figures and illustrations, not for embellishing his sermons, but for unfolding the wisdom, power and good-

ness of God in the wonderful scheme of redemption.

A great many phrases, now common, were unknown among Methodists forty-five years ago, such as a preacher getting "a call," or "accepting a call," or "resigning his charge." In those days the conferences stationed the preachers as in their judgment the necessities of the work demanded and the qualifications of the preachers suited. Preachers regarded themselves under the stationing authority of their conferences. Delegates informed the stationing committee as to their ability to support, and how many preachers they wanted, and allowed the committee discretion in the matter of making appointments.

Though Brother Clawson was ignorant of it, the delegate from Newark Circuit had asked the committee to send him as their pastor in 1838. The appointment was made, and cheerfully accepted by Brother Clawson. He had but a short distance to move, and would be in the midst of his friends who had

so generously helped him the year before, and his old neighborhood associations would be kept up. This was very agreeable to us all, as he was a good neighbor. He was well received, and had good success that year. A remarkable revival of religion took place this year in Zanesville, Ohio, under his zealous labors. The church in this place was very feeble, and very dead. Brother W. H. Marshall was the pastor, and was discouraged with the state of things. At his invitation Brother Clawson and I agreed to help him at his first quarterly meeting. The meeting began on Saturday afternoon, and was kept up until Tuesday without the least symptom of a revival. The congregations were very small, and the church seemed twice dead. Brother Clawson became very much exercised. His whole soul was drawn out for a revival of God's work. He wept and prayed until he seemed to be in an agony. I said I would go home. (I lived six miles west of Zanesville.) Said he, with tears, "I can't leave

this place till God revives His work," and putting on his overcoat, he started out saying, "I will have the church filled." I started home. My appointments were about thirty miles from Zanesville, and it was ten days before I heard from Brother Clawson, and to my astonishment, I learned he was in the midst of an extensive revival in Zanesville. I started forthwith to the field of conflict, but when I arrived he had closed the meeting and was starting to an appointment on his own field. He said: "If you will go with me, I will tell you all about the revival, and I think we will have a good meeting where I am going, as there was a good deal of weeping there the last time I preached." I said I would go but had no horse. He said he would soon get me one, and in a few minutes we were mounted and on our way. He then gave me the following account: "I started out through the city the morning you left, and went from shop to shop, and from store to store, telling the people I was holding a meeting in the

Radical church, and inviting them, if Christians, to come and help, and if sinners to come and hear me, not forgetting to give a word of exhortation as I passed along. I came, in the course of my rambles, to a shoe-shop, where a number of hands were employed. Two or three were members of church; the rest made no profession. One man said he had quit going to church because he never heard anything new. Said I, I don't pretend to have any great scholarship, or worldly wisdom, but I can tell you something that you never heard before. 'If you do,' said he, 'I will come to hear you preach.' Said I, from the best information we have, when God created our world, Satan was in some far distant part of the universe, and in looking over the map of material creation, he discovered a new planet had been added to the solar system, and full of curiosity to understand its motions and know whether it was inhabited or not, he set out and winged his way through space, sweeping like lightning past suns and

moons and stars till he beheld with wonder the beauty and glory of the new world. In lighting down upon the earth his enormous weight of guilt bruised the earth so that it was in a consumptive state for two thousand years; and when the ulcers broke they drowned the whole world. 'My gracious,' said the man, 'that is new. I'll go to hear you preach.'

"That night the house was nearly full, and the Lord helped me wonderfully. I tried the same plan next day, and the house would scarcely hold the people that night, and at the close of the sermon the power of the Lord came down on the people as I had never witnessed before. The altar was crowded, but we had scarcely anybody to sing. I noticed five or six young men who were good singers in the back part of the church, and I invited them to come forward and help us sing. They looked at one another, and the largest one started and the rest followed. Their coming up to sing caused a sensation in the congregation, for they were unconverted and wild

young men. They were acquainted with our hymns, and led the singing in good style. They sang and sang until they dropped on their knees and cried aloud for mercy, and before they left the house their leader, Ross Madden, was powerfully converted. The work then went on gloriously, and last night we closed with some sixty conversions."

Fourteen years after this great work took place, I took Ross Madden into our church in East Birmingham, where he was useful as a class-leader and revival singer.

Arriving in due time at the place for preaching, a farmer's house, we found a good congregation, although in the afternoon of a week day. I preached, and felt that God was indeed in our midst. Brother Clawson gave them an exhortation that produced a powerful effect, at the close of which he said if there were any in the congregation who were determined to seek the Lord, and would come out at the evening meeting, we would have meeting that night; but if there were none, we

would have no meeting. He then requested all who had made up their minds to seek the Lord to rise up. Six men and women rose at once. "Glory be to God," said he; "we will have meeting to-night." The meeting that night was one never to be forgotten. The house was crowded. The sermon was short. The six came forward as soon as invited, and such pleading prayers as were offered to God in their behalf I had scarcely ever heard. In a short time every one of the six could sing the converted sinner's anthem, "O Lord, I will praise thee, for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and now thou comfortest me." These were taken into the little class, and, as I was informed, a meeting-house was built and a good congregation was gathered I have forgotten the name of the place, but it is not far from Dresden, Ohio. Next morning we were on our way to our homes, greatly pleased with our meeting.

One thing appeared remarkable to me, that Brother Clawson should have gone through

two weeks of such labor as he performed in Zanesville without the slightest hoarseness, or symptoms of being tired. His favorite prevention of these things was the "oil of joy." He had extraordinary lung power. While living at Newark, at one time he felt unwell, and went to see a physician, who examined him very carefully, paying particular attention to his lungs. After he had got through he said: "Sir, you have weak lungs, and they are somewhat affected." "Sir," said Clawson, rising up, "I perceive you know nothing about me. I have as strong, sound lungs as ever God put into a man," and he put on his hat and said, "Good-morning, doctor." The doctor had never heard Clawson preach.

Chapter V.

Encounter with Foster and Abba Kelly at Washington, Pa.

HAVING had charge of Washington Station in 1845, at my last quarterly meeting I secured the help of Brother Clawson, who pleased the people so well that they instructed their delegate to ask the conference to send him to be their pastor the coming year. He was appointed, and in due time entered upon his work with his accustomed zeal. Shortly after his arrival, a gentleman by the name of Foster, and a lady by the name of Abba Kelly, both from the east, had come to Washington at the request of some of the leading citizens, to lecture on the "Sin of American Slavery." They had the reputation

of being very able lecturers, and their services were sought extensively through the north and west. The court-house was the only place that could be had for their lectures. All the anti-slavery element in the place attended, with the lawyers and pastors of the churches. Miss Kelly was the principal speaker for the first and second meetings. She was very severe on the churches for upholding this great national wrong, and also upon the General and State Governments, and upon our leading politicians. One or two of the leading ministers attempted to reply to her, but she put them down with a great laugh, at their expense. Some of the lawyers tried to put her down, but fared even worse than the preachers.

Brother Clawson, who lived a short distance out of town, did not hear of the meetings until the morning of the second day. He came early into town with no thought of saying one word, but of hearing what was to be said. As soon as it was known he was in

town, a small crowd gathered around him, and insisted upon his attacking the lecturers, assuring him that he was the only man in town that could silence them, but he modestly declined, saying he was a stranger, and was not going to put himself forward. But they insisted, and he declined, until at last he said if they attacked the ministry he would defend his profession. This was enough; they knew she would be down on the preachers, and a collision must inevitably take place. This was whispered around, and as soon as the bell rang, quite a company went in after Clawson. They had told him that Foster and Miss Kelly had passed for man and wife, and did all they could to prejudice him against them. The audience was slow in gathering, and after waiting awhile, she arose and began by giving an outline of her last evening's lecture, in which she said she had proved that the Constitution of the United States was the bulwark of slavery; and that nearly all the State Constitutions were its abettors; and that

nearly all the churches in the land were its friends, and the professed ministers of the Gospel were its champion defenders; that the leading politicians, from James K. Polk down, were corrupt; that many of them were thieves; that all they ate or wore was the product of unpaid labor. She said the ministers were like cowardly dogs, very quiet now, but as soon as our backs are turned, they will be out barking after us. They denounce us, said she, as deists. Here Clawson sprang to his feet.

"Madam," said he, "do you acknowledge yourself a deist?"

"Only so far as denying the divinity of slavery, sir."

"Well," said Clawson, "if you have made the astonishing discovery that the Constitution of the United States is the bulwark of slavery and the leading politicians and statesmen thieves, I would advise you and your companion to make to yourself artificial wings, and mount up to the loftiest summit on the

globe, and flap your wings and crow over the world."

This burst was met with round after round of the wildest applause, amidst which she sat down, terrified with the uproar. The people on the streets and in the neighborhood came running in to know the cause of this terrible tumult, and when they saw that Clawson and the lecturers were in conflict, most of them were ready to join in the uproarious cheering.

Clawson—"Why do you not go down south and lecture against slavery where it exists, instead of hiding behind the trees of the north, like cowardly dogs, barking at the slaveholders down there?"

Abby Kelly—"We are not going into the lion's den."

Clawson—"Daniel was not afraid to go into the den of lions, but look at the contrast between you and Daniel. The morning after Daniel was put into the den, the old king came with breathless haste to the den and saw Daniel on his knees, sending up his supplica-

tions through the foul air of the den, pleading with God to have mercy upon his persecutors, and he cried, O, *Daniel*, *Daniel*, is thy God able to deliver thee? and Daniel responded, O, king, live forever. But you say, *O, devil, take him.*"

Kelly and Foster together—"That gentleman's wit, that gentleman's wit, we can't stand that."

Clawson—"Well, if you halloo enough I'll quit."

Foster, her traveling companion, sprang to his feet and appealed to the crowd to treat the lady respectfully, speaking of the great good that was being done by the ladies of our country.

"I am glad," said Clawson, "to know that the women are doing good. They ought to do good, for the first one that God made, by her transgression, brought misery and death upon our world. She put forth the hand of disobedience, and plucked and ate the forbidden fruit, and nature sighed through all her

realms, and the sighs rose in mist to the cold regions of unbelief, and then congealed into snow-flakes, and descended upon earth to such a depth that people waded in it up to their chins, and the wrath of God glanced across its glittering surface and consolidated it into an avalanche, and it plunged into the gulf, and rose in liquid and drowned the world."

This was the cause of another outburst of applause, compared with which the other was a tame affair. They roared and stamped as if they would tear the house down. She picked up her shawl and bonnet and started, while Foster, picking up his hat to start too, said:

"To show how pro-slavery you are, you close your meeting-houses against us."

"Yes," said Clawson, "we close the doors of our churches against you, for the same reason that God closed the gates of the Garden of Eden against Adam; because he forsook his God and wandered off after a woman, as you did."

This was the signal for an outburst perfectly deafening. The meeting broke up in wild confusion. The lecturers fled. The crowd, almost wild, made a rush for Clawson. One man caught him in his arms, and said: "Mr. Clawson, you are not a devilish, but you are a devil of a man." Another cried out, "I move that we get Mr. Clawson a first-rate suit of clothing." "I second the motion," cried a dozen or more, and off went the crowd to a merchant tailor's, and had him measured for a suit, including overcoat and underwear. A fine hat and boots completed an outfit that made him one of the best dressed men in Washington. "I knew," said he, when giving me an account of this matter, "that it would not do for me to attempt to debate with her. I saw that my only plan was to attack her in such a way that she would have nothing to reply to, and to get the crowd to laughing at her." In this he acted wisely, and took the most effectual means of accomplishing his end. Many that have come in contact

with him, have fared even worse than Abba Kelly and Foster.

Brother Clawson was not a pro-slavery man; every instinct of his nature was opposed to the system, and it was not because these people were lecturing against slavery, but because of their sweeping denunciations of the churches and their ministers, that he consented to attack them. They were represented to him as deists and immoral persons, and he felt it his duty, if he could, to put them down. She has been represented as using vile language, but this is a great misrepresentation. I was told that Clawson preached a sermon in Virginia, in which he denounced, in no gentle terms, that system which in its operations often breaks up families, separating husbands and wives, parents and children, and represented it as a great sin to hold human beings in such a condition that made them liable to suffer the pangs and sorrows of such separations. A man who was present was the owner of a slave woman, and he be-

came so convicted of his sin, that he determined to set her free. He went to the clerk of the court and had her freedom papers made out and the necessary record made of the matter. A short time afterwards a slave-driver came along and called upon the late master, and offered him a large sum for the woman. Said the quondam master:

"I have set her free."

"Why did you do that," said the would-be buyer.

"Well," said he, "we have a preacher who exceeds all the men I ever heard, and he came out on the system of slavery and its workings in such a terrific manner that I thought the devil would get me sure enough if I did not set her free, and I had no peace of mind until I did it, but I will go to town and see if the paper can't be canceled."

He went, but was told that the record could not be changed. The woman gained her freedom by Clawson's sermon, but the master lost the $900 he was offered for her.

Chapter VI.

General Conference in Baltimore—Gets Lost in Washington—Threatens a Soldier with a Ducking—Sits Down on an Officious Young Man—Coppering a Ship.

AT the session of the Pittsburgh Conference in 1849, Brother Clawson was elected one of its ministerial delegates to the General Conference, to sit in Baltimore in May, 1850. I was also a delegate. Uniontown, Pa., was agreed upon as the point where the Pittsburgh delegation were to meet, in view of all going together by stage to Cumberland, and thence by the cars to Baltimore.

Nine of us occupied one stage-coach, Clawson and I being of the number. The other delegates were put in other coaches,

there being five or six, carrying a mixed company; and a livelier set of travelers I never saw. All seemed disposed to make the journey a cheerful and pleasant one. Clawson had never been east before, and the ever-changing grandeur of the mountain scenery, through which the great national turnpike leads, engaged his attention and kindled his poetic fire so as to make him the center and life of our company. Many a hearty roar of laughter supplemented his quaint, original sayings. We had started the week previous to the sitting of the conference, in view of spending a few days in Washington City among friends. This was a great treat to all, as it afforded us an opportunity of attending one of President Taylor's receptions, and seeing the White House, and all the places and objects of interest in the Capitol of our great Republic. Here Clawson met with a casualty not soon to be forgotten by him. We went to see the Capitol, as all loyal citizens of our glorious country should do, when in Wash-

ington, and after having looked at the paintings in the rotunda and visited Congress Hall and the Senate chamber, we determined to go to the top of the rotunda. Led by a policeman, we started on our upward way; but we had not gone far before Clawson said he would go no further, but would go down and wait for us. However, as we were up a long time, he got tired waiting, and concluded to go back to our lodgings, and when he had gone some distance he found he had forgotten the name of the street, the number of the house, and the name of the family with whom we stayed, and discovered that he was completely lost.

When we came down we looked for him in every place where we thought he might have gone, but could not find him. At length one of the brethren said that Clawson had told him he had met a member of Congress that he knew, who had invited him to dine with him, and he concluded that he had gone with the congressman to dinner. At 3 o'clock

P. M. we started to the Smithsonian Institute to hear a lecture. When near the Institute, I saw a man in the distance, who seemed in a great hurry, walking rapidly, and running alternately, and coming toward us. To my great surprise, I found that it was Clawson. When he saw me he burst into tears, exclaiming, "I never was so glad to see any person in my life." A more confused and bewildered man I never saw.

"Where have you been?" said I.

"O, I have been nearly all over this great city. I did not know who or what to ask for, and have run myself almost to death."

We spent the Sabbath in Alexandria. It was communion day, and Clawson, in addressing the communicants, grew very warm and eloquent, and surprised and delighted the congregation. It was announced that Brother Clawson, from the west, would preach at night, and although it rained hard, the house was crowded, and he preached one of the best sermons I ever heard from him, and

judging from the many hearty responses, I thought it was well received.

While sight-seeing in Washington, we visited the navy yard, and while walking on a path near the water, I noticed an iron steamship lying close in shore, and found it was the "Allegheny," that was built at Pittsburgh the year before. A gang-way was put up, extending from the path we were in to the ship, and a soldier was standing at the shore end of it. I was foremost, and asked the soldier, a little Irishman, half drunk, if visitors were permitted to go aboard of the vessel.

"No," said he; "and if ye try it I will put my bayonet through ye."

Clawson sprang between the soldier and me, and said:

"If you attempt that I will throw you and your gun into the river. We are civil men from the west, and clergymen."

The soldier dropped on his knees, saying:

"God forgive me; I reverence the clergy."

"Get up," said Clawson, "and behave yourself; and when anybody asks you a civil question, give him a civil answer."

We walked on. I believe Brother Clawson would have risked his life for me at any time he saw me in danger.

Very few in the east or south had seen or known anything of him, and one of the first things he did in the conference was to put to silence a young brother who acted as though he felt that it devolved upon him to maintain the order of the conference. He frequently interrupted brethren, and particularly our old western brethren, by pronouncing them out of order, etc. He interrupted Brother George Brown two or three times. This roused Clawson, and as soon as he could get the floor he commenced a kind of a rambling speech as a bait for the young man, who was soon on his feet, telling Clawson he was out of order, etc. Clawson gave him a withering look, and said, in a loud, sharp tone:

"Sit down, sir. When I want light from

you, I will call upon you to rise and shine; till then, hold your peace."

Then bowing to the president, he said:

"That is all I wished to say, Mr. President."

Clawson sat down by me, laughing at seeing how quickly the young man sat down, and saying:

"Didn't he squat like a pheasant?"

It did the young man good.

A paper was presented at the conference, involving a constitutional question, which occupied an afternoon session, and the next morning was taken up and debated with great earnestness. Tired of what seemed to us a needless and interminable discussion, Brother Clawson and I left the conference room to go down to the Point to see the shipping. Our attention was drawn to some men who were engaged in putting copper sheeting on a vessel that had been drawn upon the ways for that purpose. We asked the man who superintended the work, what the object was in

putting on that thin sheeting. He said it was to protect the wood against certain sea worms that eat into the wood and destroy its strength, and would make a vessel a wreck unless so protected. I asked Clawson if that would make a good figure. He said it was a splendid figure, and I should hear him use it.

When we returned to the conference room, to our surprise, we found the same debaters hammering away on the old question, while the conference seemed sick of the discussion. Said I:

"Brother Clawson, for the credit of this conference, and the honor of the church it represents, give that thing such a stunning blow as will kill it so dead that it will not kick."

"I'll do it," said he; "see if I don't."

Just then the one speaking sat down, and instantly Clawson was on the floor, and speaking quick and sharp, attracted the attention of the president, who announced his name. All eyes and ears were directed to him. He then spoke as follows:

"I presume no one here will take the ground that we, as a General Conference, are authorized to make a constitution for our church, and if we have no power to make a constitution, we have no power to mend a constitution, either actually or constructively, by giving an authoritative interpretation of it. The framers of our constitution, in their wisdom, threw a safeguard around it by a provision that it should not be changed, except by a convention, instructed by two-thirds of the annual conferences for that purpose, or by the General Conference, when clothed with conventional power for that purpose. A few moments ago I was looking at some ship carpenters plating the hull of a ship with copper sheeting, and was told that the plating was intended to protect the hull of the ship from certain worms or insects that infest the seas, and eat out the substance of the ship and make it a wreck, if they can get at it. Now, this restrictive provision serves the same purpose to the constitution of the church that

the copper plating does to the ship, to keep these eternal nibblers from destroying the hull of our good old ship of Zion. For nearly one whole day they have been nibbling, but in vain. I go in for a good, sound hull, well coppered, well rigged, manned and ballasted, that can not be capsized by the winds and waves of anarchy, nor wrecked by these nibblers."

This was followed by a storm of applause, in which all engaged, and even Brother Levi R. Reese, the president, although he called "Order, order, brethren," had to turn around and laugh till he shook in his chair. As soon as the noise subsided, a brother moved to lay the paper on the table. The motion was put and carried by a great majority. Brother Clawson attracted as much attention in Baltimore as did Lorenzo Dow, so I was told by several old citizens.

Chapter VII.

Sermon on the Deluge.

AS a preacher, Mr. Clawson, when in his best mood, gave utterance, frequently, to the most startling thoughts I ever heard from any man. I have often requested him to repeat passages of his sermons that I thought inimitable, but he could not recall them. They seemed as new to him as they did to me. They came to him with the power of an inspiration, and passed away with the highly excited state of his feelings, in which they had originated. To reproduce one of his sermons as he delivered it would be utterly impossible. He could not do it himself. Although I have heard him preach twice from

the same text, the sermons were very far from being the same. He never repeated himself.

Although conscious of my inability to give a correct report of any of the many sermons I have heard him preach, I will try, without pretending to use exactly the language and illustrations he employed, to give some account of a sermon I heard him preach in Uniontown, Pa. The church was crowded, and I felt, from the pleading, fervent prayer he made, that the Holy Ghost was upon him.

The text was Genesis vii. 1: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark." Noah was a preacher of righteousness. The people to whom he preached were prisoners, under sentence of death, but God gave them a respite of one hundred and twenty years. During this time Noah preached to them, and the Holy Spirit strove with them, or, as St. Peter represents it, "By which Spirit also He (Christ) went and preached unto the spirits in prison, which

sometime were disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing." Noah, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, preached to these condemned sinners for the space of one hundred and twenty years without making a single convert, outside of his own family. So fearfully had all flesh corrupted its way before God, that the best thing a God of mercy could do in their case was to destroy them, lest they should transform earth into hell. Although He was about to destroy them, He could not let one drop of water fall, one flash of lightning blaze, one earthquake throe, neither could He drown or damn a man of them till Noah had preached his last sermon, and the Spirit had done striving with them.

> "But mercy knew the appointed bound,
> And turned to vengeance then."

The last day of grace had come. The ark was finished. The ship carpenters were all paid off. The birds of the air and beasts of

the fields were seen coming from all directions, and going to their places in the ark. This singular occurrence attracted a vast crowd to the ark. Noah preached his last sermon, and faithfully warned them of the awful destruction that awaited them. The Spirit strove with them till the sound of Noah's last word had died away. Then their hearts grew hard as a stone, and their understandings grew dark as hell. They were past feeling; and the worst of all, God's curses fell upon them—they were "let alone." Then the Lord said unto Noah, "Come thou and all thy family into the ark." Noah and his wife at the head of the little procession, followed by their three sons and their wives, entered the ark. Then God went round the ark and shut every window and door, and shut in Noah and his family. The sound of those closing doors, as it echoed among the hills, proclaimed mercy clear gone forever, and eternal wrath begun. Then was seen the dark clouds, charged with the wrath of a sin-avenging

God, rolling up from around the horizon to the zenith. Then lightning flashed to lightning, and thunder roared to thunder, and storm howled to storm, and cloud dashed against cloud, and the windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep were broken up. Then cataract met cataract, and flood dashed against flood. And now the hardened, sneering, mocking sinners, smitten with consternation, rush through the storm, first to the ark, and plead with Noah to take them in, but he replied, "The door is locked, and the key is in heaven."

Here the preacher went off in a poetic strain, the like of which I never heard before. The balance of the sermon was nearly all in blank verse, most of which seemed to me to be as correctly measured as Milton's "Paradise Lost."

A singular coincidence occurs just here, and now, in answer to a request I made for anecdotes or revival intelligence from the friends of Brother Clawson, concerning him,

I have this moment received the following from my old friend and brother, John Clark, once of the Pittsburgh Conference, but now of Rushville, Illinois. It is just in point, and I insert it here entire:

"DEAR BROTHER ROBISON: In compliance with your request, through *The Methodist Recorder*, for items relative to Brother Clawson, I send the following for your disposal:

"When I was stationed in Sharpsburg in 1839–'40, the church was favored with a very gracious revival, in the progress of which I procured the assistance of Brother Clawson for three days, including Sunday, but I confess it was with some little misgiving, lest his peculiar oddities and eccentricities might divert from the spiritual interests of the meeting, he being an entire stranger in the place. But from the very outset he was in perfect accord with the spirit of the meeting, and during his stay did nearly all the preaching, in which, and altar work, he showed himself a man full of the Holy Ghost. In each of

his sermons on this occasion he exhibited marvelous powers of description, far exceeding what my previous acquaintance with him had led me to expect. On Sunday morning the congregation exceeded the capacity of the church, and he seemed in his best element. His text, the fifth verse of the second chapter of 2 Peter, gave him occasion to draw a picture of the destruction of the old world by the deluge, and the saving of Noah and his family in the ark, that for vividness and naturalness of outline and detail, I think I have never heard excelled, if equaled. So graphically and minutely was the whole scene delineated, that the audience seemed to be overwhelmed, as though present and beholding the scene, a portion of the congregation rising to their feet in apparent consternation, as if intent on seeking a place of refuge from the hastening destruction, while all, for the time being, seemed to realize the inevitable destruction of the ungodly, and the happy deliverance of the righteous. Some time after

this an intelligent gentleman, by no means given to imaginative or emotional turn of mind, said to me, that under that sermon he lost all consciousness of where he was, but felt himself to be somewhere beholding an awful catastrophy, in contrast with a glorious deliverance. That yet the struggling masses in the water; the despairing crowds on every projecting eminence, and the silently floating ark, with its secure inmates, and the chips floating round its keel, was still before his mind, as an exciting dream. It is said in Illinois that God made but one Peter Cartwright. With more correctness may it be said in the Pittsburgh Conference, of which he was a member, that God made but one Samuel Clawson. The generation to which he belonged is fast passing away. You do well in offering tribute to his memory. Few, if any, are monumented in human hearts and minds as prodigies of nature and monuments of grace as Samuel Clawson.

"In fraternal remembrance, Yours,

"JOHN CLARK."

Chapter VIII.

Gives the Universalists a Terrible Shelling—A Neighboring Preacher Applies to Him for Advice Concerning Snakes—A Battle with a Great Black Snake, with Disasterous Results—A Terrible Flight from Rattlesnakes.

IN PASSING around a circuit the first time after he had charge of it, he had an appointment for Sunday morning at a country church, in the neighborhood of which there were five or six Universalists, who were very conceited and fond of argument, and never failed to be at church when a new or strange preacher was expected. Brother Clawson was warned by one of the brethren to be on the lookout for these men, who had declared they would try his mettle. He was told that as

soon as he would come out of the pulpit they would gather round him, and after introducing themselves, would take exception to something he had said in his sermon, in view to bringing on an argument, and he would have them all on him at once. He was told that this thing had become so common that the congregation always waited to hear the combat between the preacher and the Universalists, and that the members of the church were all afraid of them. Clawson told the brother not to be uneasy about him, that these men would say nothing to him. The brother, however, assured him that they would.

"Well," said Clawson, "you will see."

He had a large crowd to hear him, all expecting a great battle between him and the boasting Universalists, and most of the crowd anxious that Clawson should effectually silence them.

The Universalists were on hand, and very attentive hearers, eager to catch anything they might use in the coming conflict. When the

services were finished and the next appointment announced, Clawson looked over the congregation as though he was looking for some one, and scanned every part of the house. All eyes were fixed upon him, and all wondered what was coming, when, as if satisfied with his search, he said: "I am informed there is a little squad of these no-hellers and devil-deniers in this neighborhood, and that they are always on hand when a new preacher comes, and as soon as the preacher comes out of the pulpit they gather around him, and pounce upon him with their objections and arguments, to try his mettle. I warn them," said he, "to keep clear of me; for as sure as they attack me I will roll out the flying artillery of heaven and sweep the very toe-nails off them. Such heaven-daring, God-provoking impudence is unsufferable. They are instigated by the devil to take advantage of the solemn occasion. When the servants of God have delivered their message from God to their dying fellow-creatures, and warned

them from the mouth of God to flee the wrath to come, in order to defeat God's purposes in the preaching of the Gospel, they assail His servants, and, if possible, banish all good impressions from the minds of the people, and turn all into a farce. I should not wonder if there were some secret curses in the stores of heaven, red with uncommon wrath, reserved for the punishment of such sinners. It may be that at the day of judgment the angels may be commanded to bind these men in adamantine fetters, and hand them over to the tormentors, the devils, to be chained down to the brazen floors of hell, and have burning cinders and red-hot lava piled upon them high as the pyramids of Egypt, to fry the fat of their pride out, to lubricate the gudgeons of hell."

They gave heed to his warning, and kept clear of him, and never annoyed a strange preacher after that. I have heard that he was instrumental in the conversion of a great many Universalists in West Virginia.

While traveling a circuit in the northern

part of West Virginia, a young Irish brother, on an adjoining circuit, was his near neighbor. The young brother had a horror of snakes, and mischievous persons had been telling him frightful stories about them, so that he was kept in a constant state of alarm. Having great confidence in Brother Clawson, he applied to him for instruction and advice in case of his coming in contact with the "sarpents," as he called them. He had been told there was a large black snake called the "racer," that would chase a man and wrap itself around him, and kill him if he caught him. He asked Brother Clawson if such stories were true. Clawson said he had never known of such a case, but there is a large black snake, said to be five or six feet long, and it often comes out into the road and lies and basks in the sunshine and warm sand. "Marcy," said he, "and what must I do if I find one in my way?" "Get off your horse," said Clawson, "and get a good long pole, if possible, and step up near to it and strike it with all

your might, so as to break its back; then beat it as long as the tail quivers." "I'll remember that same," said he. A short time after this, as he was riding to an appointment, he was horrified by the sight of an enormous black snake stretched across the road just before him, and in an instant resolved to give it battle. He dismounted and picked up a hoop-pole that lay by the roadside, which seemed the very thing, and quietly stepping forward, resolved on victory or death, his horse following close at his heels. He saw the snake's eyes twinkle as it raised its head up and put out its forked tongue, and feeling that no time must be lost, he raised his pole, threw all his strength into his arms to strike a death-blow to the reptile, but to his great surprise his pole broke all to pieces in his hands. (It was badly worm-eaten.) The snake, badly scared, disappeared in an instant. His horse was hit by a piece of the pole, and being scared, wheeled around and ran back. His saddle-bags were fastened only to one of the stirrup

leathers, and fell over to the side on which they were fastened, and dragged on the ground, which frightened the horse still more, and it began to kick, and struck the saddle-bags and bursted them open, making their contents fly. The saddle also was turned, which frightened the horse still more, and caused it to run and kick until it rid itself of its trailing incumbrances. Luckily the preacher saw two men coming up the road, and called to them, "Kape the mare, kape the mare, or she will never stop till she gets to Pittsburgh, for she was born there." The mare was caught, and the fragments of the wreck gathered up. Quarterly conference came on a few weeks afterwards, and the preacher handed in a bill for traveling expenses. The brethren wanted an explanation, and it was given in the preacher's earnest, peculiar manner, amid roars of laughter. He concluded by saying: "Indade, my brethren, if you had seen how the mare kicked and run

and tore things up, you would have thought there would have been traveling expenses."

There was an appointment on the plan of this young preacher's circuit in the Cheat Mountains, at an iron smelting furnace. On his first visit he preached on the afternoon of a week-day, and at the conclusion of the service, the class-leader introduced him to the members of the church, and told him that he was to stay over night at his house; that his wife would conduct him there and put his horse away; you will have to excuse me, as I have to charge the furnace, but will be on hand for supper. "All right," said the preacher. When they arrived at the leader's house, and the horse was put away, and he had taken his seat by the wood fire, he asked the woman if there were any snakes in that neighborhood. She said there was not many.

"What," said he, "is the worst kind in the mountains?"

She replied, "The copperhead and rattlesnake."

"Do you think," said he, "there are any of them about here?"

She said she had not seen any for a long time until that morning.

"And did you see one this morning?"

"I saw two," she said.

"And where did you see them?"

"In the house," said she. "I saw the cat looking down a crack in the hearth, and thought I heard a noise, and said to my husband I believed there was a snake under the hearth, and he got a crowbar and pried the stone up, and killed two whopping big rattlesnakes."

"The Lord preserve us," cried the terrified preacher, springing from his chair and seizeing his hat, overcoat and saddle-bags, and rushing to the stable, had his horse saddled in a minute, and despite of all the woman could say, mounted and rushed down the mountain at a full gallop, and never pulled rein until he reached Jack Baker's, six or seven miles distant, rejoicing over the narrow escape he had made. He told his story in his peculiar way,

at which Brother Baker and family laughed heartily. At the next conference he was anxious to know who would be appointed to that circuit, and when the man's name was announced, he went to him and said: "Brother, I am your friend, and want to tell you a little about that circuit. As to the people," said he, "they can't be beat; they are the kindest people I ever saw, but as for the country, brother, it is all hells (hills), and full of snakes at that."

Chapter IX.

Debate on the Question of Changing the Time of Meeting of the Conference from Fall to Spring—Picture of a Preacher Moving in the Spring of the Year.

SUCH was the effect of the conference speeches of Clawson, that he almost invariably carried his point, and when so, at the expense of a hearty laugh at his opponents. An instance of this kind occurred many years ago. On a Saturday afternoon of the session of the conference a great crowd was present to witness the proceedings, and many were anxious to hear the "wild man." They were not disappointed, nor doomed to wait long. Brother Thomas Maple, an unstationed preacher, and a delegate, offered a resolution to change the time of the meeting

of the conference from September to April. This became the subject of a very spirited debate between Brothers Maple and Clawson.

Brother Maple proceeded to argue that the spring was the best time, as it gave the preachers on the circuits an opportunity to cultivate and enjoy the products of their gardens, which was a matter of great importance to them and their families. "As it is," said he, "the preacher who has been industrious and raised a good crop of vegetables, if he has to move in the fall, must leave his fine garden just when the most important vegetables are coming into use, and take anything he can get for the fruits of his toil. This has such a discouraging effect that you will generally find the preacher's garden the poorest in the neighborhood, for he don't know whether he is to get any benefit from it or not, and labor is too precious with him to be spent for nought, and this has a bad influence on the preachers who are not, most of all men, addicted to habits of out-door industry. Now change the

time of the meeting of conferences from fall to spring, and you do an act that will encourage the preacher and his family to be more self-reliant and helpful to themselves."

To this Brother Clawson replied: "The brother has given us his garden or vegetable argument, and the only one he has to give for a change in the times of our meetings, but there are other things to be taken into consideration beside the 'garden sass.' But before we notice them, let us look at the average garden on our circuits. Where do we find the parsonage and its garden located? Not in the most desirable position or on the most productive lands, but like as not out by the forks of the road, where there is a small lot of ground so situated and so poor that it is not worth fencing, and its owner, by a great stretch of his benevolence, donates it to the circuit for parsonage purposes; but look at it; so poor that it will hardly grow sheep sorrel, or 'sink field.' If he has a poor garden, they say he is lazy. Here the brother must

dig among the stones and laurel roots to raise dwarf onions, small potatoes, and few in a hill, and stunted, tough radishes and cabbages, when he ought to be digging in the gospel mine and bringing out the pure gold of the sanctuary for the people. Some will say if he would devote more of his time to his studies, he would preach better. My brother knows more about gardens than he does about moving. He and his family have never had the trial of moving on the mirey roads in the spring of the year, fifty or sixty miles in a two-horse wagon. Change the time of the conference, and you change the time of moving, and subject the poor preacher and his family to a degree of discomfort and suffering, for which no amount of 'garden sass' could compensate them. I fancy I see the preacher making his arrangements to move in the spring of the year. He secures the services of a man to transport his goods and family to his new field, at what the preacher thinks a very high price, one-third

more than he would have to pay in the fall of the year, on account of the bad roads. The packing is done, and here comes the covered road wagon. It has not been in use since last fall, except by the hens that have made its cover their roosting place in the wagon-shed during the winter, and it looks none the better for their having used it. The goods are stowed away in the wagon, but what is to be done with the wife and the children? You delegates don't think enough of the preacher's family to send a carriage for them or even a wagon with eliptic springs, to convey them with comfort to their new home. The wife with her babe in her arms, and the smallest children are stowed away on top of the goods, and try to make themselves as comfortable as possible. The little fellows find the large holes in the wagon cover very convenient for them to look out at. John Wesley, the oldest, is to drive the cow behind the wagon, and Matilda Jane concludes she will walk with her brother, as there is

no room for her in the wagon. The preacher, who in his heart, has committed his family to the care of a merciful Providence, says he will ride on and see that preparation is made for their reception at their new home. Wishes them a pleasant journey and starts off. Now they start, splashing through the mud. The children put their heads out through the holes in the cover to look at all that is to be seen along the road, Johnnie and Tillie bring up the rear with the old cow. On they go in good heart, have only twenty miles to go, and think they will make it before dark. They come to a place where the wagoner says the bottom has fallen out of the road, and fears they will not be able to get through, but there is no way to get round. By hard pulling and whipping, and some swearing (for the man don't belong to church) they are once more on *terra firma*. There are creeks to cross and no bridges over them, and the waters are high and dangerous, but a kind Providence, in whom

they trust, preserves them on their muddy way. But, oh the rain, the rain, it pours down, and that leaky, detestable wagon cover don't turn the half of it. Night has come on, and they are two miles from the parsonage, and it is dreadfully dark. But the preacher has met them, and encouraged them with the report that the people have prepared for their reception. They reach their journey's end, with their hearts filled with anything but gratitude to Brother Maple for having changed the moving time from fall to spring.

"But there is another thing to be looked at in which the fall season is decidedly preferable to the spring for holding conference. In the fall there is an abundance of everything needed for the entertainment of the conference, and prices are low. In the spring provisions are scarce and high, so, in view of good living, let us not change.

"The weather and the roads are always good in September, and the traveling and moving are infinitely better than in the spring.

Let us hold on to the old time. I like to move when there is dust instead of mud, so that when the people look out and see the cloud of dust rising, they will know the *preacher is coming*."

By motion, the resolution was laid on the table for one year, but has never been heard of since.

Chapter X.

A Sheep in Fly-Time—A Gambler's Conscience.

BROTHER CLAWSON was a man of very strong convictions and attachments. No one loved his church more than he did, and this love was based on the belief that its doctrines and government were truly scriptural. I do not suppose he ever had a doubt of the truth of the Holy Scriptures, or of the scripturalness of Methodism. Nor do I suppose he ever entertained the idea for a moment of leaving the Methodist Protestant Church to join another denomination. With reference to the choice he made in early life of the church in which he lived and labored

and died, he could always say, "O God, my heart is fixed; my heart is fixed." The idea of persons leaving a church because something occurred of an unpleasant nature, met with no favor from him. Such things take place in all churches. If a person will leave his church because some one made a mouth at him, or said something unkind of him, he might go the round of the churches and be lost at last. This is well illustrated by the following, from the pen of Brother M. Steel, of Weston, West Virginia, at whose house Brother Clawson died:

"After the conference held at Palatine, West Virginia, in 1881, Brother Clawson, with a young ministerial brother, stopped with me a day or two in Weston, during which time they talked of a charge which had been brought up in conference against this brother, who said:

"'Brother Clawson, if the Methodist Protestant Church don't stop this following me up with complaints, I will leave the church.'

"'Where will you go?' asked Brother Clawson.

"'To the United Brethren or the Baptists! I will not stay in any church and be treated thus. What do you say, Brother Clawson?'

"'I say,' said Clawson, 'you remind me of a sheep in fly-time. You know that a sheep will sometimes get tired fighting the flies, and jump the fence into an adjoining field, but the flies will soon follow,' and here Brother Clawson started across the floor, stamping and kicking, imitating a sheep fighting flies. 'After grazing awhile in the new field, the flies gather thicker and bite harder than before, and over the fence he goes into another field. But some sheep are worse than others to gather flies, owing to their being thin-skinned. And after going from field to field, the flies still after him, he concludes there are flies in all the fields, and he jumps into the woods, and the wolves catch him and destroy him.' The young brother felt the force of the illustration, and said:

"'I'll never say anything to you again about leaving the church.'"

From the foregoing we see how quickly Brother Clawson could dispose of anything he disapproved of. The following is equal to the foregoing in illustration of his ready mode of dealing with what he considered wrong:

Once while on his way to attend the session of his conference, with several ministers and laymen, a young man, a drummer for a Philadelphia house, came on board the cars and took his seat by Brother Clawson, and proposed a game of cards.

"We are ministers of the Gospel," said Clawson.

"Well," said the young Philadelphian, "many ministers play cards."

"But," said Clawson, "our consciences will not allow us to engage in such games."

"Well," said the young man, "I have played cards for years, and have never had remorse of conscience about the matter."

Brother Clawson sprang to his feet, and in great earnestness said:

"*Your conscience!* YOUR CONSCIENCE! Why, the devil has rode rough-shod over your conscience, until it has become so hardened that it could not be pierced with a red-hot spear."

This, of course, was followed by a loud, hearty laugh from all who heard it. The drummer beat a hasty retreat into the next car.

"Eh!" said Clawson, "after fighting as many devils as I have in West Virginia, I am not to be scared by an imp from Philadelphia."

This young man evidently held that whatever conscience approves, or does not condemn, is right. This view of conscience, though very generally accepted, is not consistent with the teachings of Scripture. We read of "an evil conscience" and of a "good conscience." An evil conscience is a natural conscience, darkened and polluted by sin, and

must be enlightened and purified by divine grace in order that it may answer in all respects the end that God intended; that is, approve what God approves and condemn what He condemns. Conscience, unenlightened by the word of God, may give false testimony, either through blindness, sleepiness, or searedness. It is, in fact, no safe rule, except it is ruled by the word of God. Jesus told His disciples that the time would come when those who killed them would think they were doing God service. Paul says: "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, which thing I also did." But mark the wonderful change. As soon as he is convinced that Jesus is the Christ, his conscience thunders in condemnation of his conduct, and although God freely and forever forgave him, he never could forgive himself, and speaking of it, says: "I am less than the least of all saints." Then, as an apostle: "I am the least of the apostles,

that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God." Paul was just as conscientious in persecuting the church of God before his conversion as he was in promoting its interests after his conversion. Upon the whole, we may say conscience must be ruled by God's word before it can be a right rule for our conduct. The mere fact that a man's conscience does not accuse him of being wrong, is no reliable evidence of his being right. A conscience that decides according to the teachings of the Bible, is always right, and, therefore,

"What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach, more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue."

Chapter XI.

Harpooning a Sinner—Wonderful Effect of a Camp-Meeting Sermon—Conversion of an Actor—Preaching to the Colored People.

WHERE Brother Clawson was best known he was most esteemed. No man possessed a truer, a kinder heart than he, and he was regarded by all who knew him as a good man. When it was known that he was to be at the quarterly, protracted or camp-meeting, everybody was pleased and expected a good time. There never was any difficulty in getting a place for him to stay during the annual or General Conference, except that so many would ask for him that could not get him. This was the case

at our last General Conference in Pittsburgh, but he did not come, and all were disappointed. He always had the attention of every one when he preached. There was a spiritual electricity often attending his impassioned utterances that produced the most wonderful effects. On one occasion, while he was preaching to a large congregation in a very wicked place, one of the wickedest men in the town had his heart so pierced with the truth that he sprang to his feet and rushed out of the door. After being out awhile he returned, but to receive another charge from the electrical battery. Again he rose to run, but was arrested to hear Clawson exclaim: "There are some sinners under the preaching of the Gospel that are like fish that have been pursued with nets and hooks and gigs and drags, till there is scarcely a scale left on them;" and pointing to the man trying to get out, he exclaimed, "There goes one now," and, lifting his voice to its highest pitch, he exclaimed: "Lord

God of heaven and earth, help me to harpoon him." The man fell as if struck down by a flash of lightning.

"Glory to God!" said Clawson, "we have him, and, putting his hands on the book-board leaped out of the pulpit and took hold of the man, and, with the assistance of another, helped him to the mourner's bench. That man was powerfully converted the next day, and lived many years a devoted member of the Methodist Protestant Church. I knew him well and loved him much.

At another time, when preaching for me in Connellsville, Pa., a long time ago, an old brother, who was almost deaf, went up to the top of the winding stairs that led to the pulpit, and stood near Brother Clawson. I anticipated a scene, for the old brother was very excitable and frequently fell down when the Lord blest him. He listened very attentively till Brother Clawson took a lofty flight, and leaped so high that some in the congregation said they saw his feet

over the top of the pulpit. At the same time the old brother shouted, "Hallelujah," and, falling backwards, rolled down the steps and landed under the altar table, without receiving the slightest injury, but he did not go up again.

Another remarkable instance of this power of God that sometimes attended his preaching, which is certainly worthy of record, I will relate:

We were holding a camp-meeting not far from Connellsville, Pa., at which Brother Clawson was our principal preacher, and attracted a great crowd. A young man, who was an actor in one of the theaters in Pittsburgh, came to the meeting to hear the "*wild man*," but it was the last sermon of the meeting, but that sermon proved the power of God in his salvation.

The text was: "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" In speaking of the ungodly in contrast with the sinner, he represented

him as a moralist whose life was blameless in the sight of men, but whose heart was not right in the sight of God.

"Such a man," he said, "is often held up by the world as an example of what a man can be who makes no profession of religion, and the devil does more to keep sinners from coming to Christ, through the influence of one such in a community, than he can do by fifty wicked men. This moral man is a refuge—an example for the unconverted around him. He stands like a great oak, in the midst of a field, that spreads its arms abroad, and has defied the storms of a century, and affords shelter for all the beasts that graze around it. They gather under its ample shade and lie ruminating there in seemingly perfect security.

"But see! there is a cloud rising. Though small, it grows and spreads and darkens and thickens, and, borne on the wings of the wind, obscures the light of the sun, and, charged with electric power, it hovers over the

peaceful scene beneath, then the lightning glares with instant death on all below, and shakes the hills with its terrific thunder. The sheltering tree and all within its shade are torn in shreds and lie in ruin round."

Then came an application, the most startling of anything I ever heard. The actor was stunned and alarmed with a sense of his guilt and ruin, and fled to the home of his parents in Connellsville. A few days after this another camp-meeting commenced in an adjoining neighborhood. To this the actor went, not to hear the "wild man," but to seek his soul's salvation, and, at the first invitation, went to the mourner's bench, and was powerfully converted. At the next session of the Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was received into the traveling connection, and became a man distinguished for his piety, zeal and success in winning souls to Christ. After many years of hard and successful labor in the cause of God, he died, peace-

fully, joyfully and triumphantly in the Lord.

I have often thought, had Brother Clawson been successful only in the conversion of James Beecham (the above young man), it would have been worth the labor of a life-time, as it resulted in the conversion of many hundreds under his efficient labors.

Brother Clawson was a man of medium height, well and squarely built, very straight and muscular, and exceedingly active. He could bound the highest and come down the lightest when under good headway in preaching of any man I ever saw, and it all seemed natural. What would have been ludicrous in any one else, seemed becoming and consistent in him. For him to bound like an elastic ball gave emphasis as to what he was saying, and indicated that he was warmed up to white-heat. If there was a shout, an amen or a hallelujah in the congregation, it was sure to come out at that point. He was very fond of preaching to the colored people, and nothing pleased them

more than his preaching. Those who heard him in the large colored church in Baltimore during the sitting of the General Conference in 1850, will remember the great excitement produced by his preaching on that occasion. Brother E. Y. Reese said to me, "that some of his figures were the most striking, original and appropriate of any he had ever heard, and many of his utterances were exceedingly eloquent."

At a session of the Pittsburgh Conference, held in Pittsburgh, a colored preacher from the Wylie Avenue Church, asked for a preacher for Sabbath, at 3 o'clock P. M. He was asked if he knew any of the preachers. He said not, but he wanted "an anti-slavery and an anti-devil preacher." Brother Clawson was suggested as the one that would suit, as he was then the hardest on slavery and the devil of any of the preachers. The appointment was made, and announced in the morning papers, and an immense congregation of whites and blacks gathered to hear

him. His text was Rev. xii. 1: "A great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed, with the sun and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." The sermon was one of the best I ever heard him preach, and the effect was indescribable. They were warmed up during his prayer, and by the time he got fairly into his subject, they began to respond in hearty amens and hallelujahs from all over the house, from both whites and blacks, men and women. The excitement rose higher and higher as he proceeded, until it culminated in a perfect storm. Then Brother Clawson threw himself down on the sofa, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and throwing his arm around the white brother's neck who sat beside him, he sobbed out:

"I almost wish the Lord had made me a darkey."

"Well, Sammy," said the brother, "the Lord did not come so far from it that you

need cry about it. Why have you such a wish as that?"

"O," said he, "I would like to preach to such a people; they have ten times more religion than the whites."

Chapter XII.

Dedicating a Bar-Room to God's Service—Sermon on Farming.

THE expedients to which Brother Clawson resorted to secure large congregations where he held protracted meetings, were always legitimate and successful. He despised anything like a clap-trap in carrying on the work of the Lord. In towns he would not be satisfied with the simple announcement from the pulpit that there would be preaching at such and such times, but as a man who had just conceptions of the value of the souls of sinners, and the certainty of their being lost unless they were converted, he would seek them out and converse with them, and if opportunity served, pray with them, and

thus convince them that he was deeply interested in their welfare, and so secure their attendance at his meetings.

In a little village, a man who kept a public-house, and sold a great quantity of whisky, was converted at the beginning of a meeting he was holding, quite near the village. Brother Clawson wished to get a room to hold a prayer-meeting every morning at 9 o'clock in the village, and asked if any one would let him have a good big room for that purpose, when the tavern-keeper requested him to hold the prayer-meeting at his house.

"Thank you," said Clawson; "we will hold it in your bar-room, brother, and we will dedicate that room to the worship and service of the living and true God. All you that wish to witness the ceremonies of this dedication be on hand at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning."

This announcement brought out most of the people in the village, and quite a number

from the country. The large room was thoroughly cleaned up, and the bar fixtures removed to the cellar, and every drop of intoxicating liquors poured out. The room was comfortably seated, and packed full of people. A portion of Scripture was read, a suitable hymn was sung, and a fervent prayer offered up, in which the place was presented for divine acceptance, and God was earnestly requested to dwell with that family as the God of their peace, their providence and salvation. That prayer was most assuredly heard and answered. That became a house of prayer, and no liquor has been sold or drank there since. About sixteen years after this occurrence took place, I was traveling in the stage-coach, and we stopped there to change horses, and I was delighted to find the landlord a devoted, steadfast Christian. He asked me when I had seen Brother Clawson, and said:

"All I am or hope to be in this world, or the world to come, under God, I owe to

the instrumentality of my dear Brother Clawson."

This he said with a voice tremulous with emotion, and eyes filled with tears.

Five or six years after this, I preached three or four times to the congregation that was organized of the fruits of the meeting referred to, and was happy to find this brother among the zealous, steadfast Methodist Protestants of the neighborhood. He has since died in peace.

At another time, Brother Clawson and I were holding a protracted meeting in a farming community, and we were anxious to have meeting during the day as well as evening, but could not get the people to attend. I proposed one evening to give up the 9 o'clock meeting, but he objected, and said he would have a full house next day. He then told the people he would preach a sermon on "Farming" the next day at 10.30 o'clock, from the following text: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord that the plowman shall

overtake the reaper and the treader out of grapes, him that soweth seed and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills melt." Amos ix. 13. "My object," said he, "shall be to show that intelligent and properly conducted farming is the most sure and honorable mode of making a livelihood, and I will expose the careless, shabby manner in which some conduct their farming operations; and I will show how these things illustrate the great work of evangelizing the world. If you want to see the mountains dropping sweet wine and the hills melting, come out to-morrow morning."

They did come, and we had a glorious good meeting. Sometimes the congregation was convulsed with laughter, and again melted to tears. He said:

"The ground, in its natural, wild state, producing trees and brush and briers and thorns and poisonous weeds, infested with poisonous reptiles, represented the wretched condition of the world without the Gospel."

Here he drew such a picture of the wickedness and wretchedness of the world as would almost make the devil blush on account of what he had done. He represented the Gentiles as "filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity — whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, deceitful, proud boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful." This is the declaration of divine inspiration concerning the heathen world, and the Jewish world, although blessed with the knowledge of the true God, is equally as bad. "Their throat is an open sepulcher. With their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips, and the way of peace have they not known; there is no fear of God before their eyes. Such was the state of the world when the Gospel was introduced as the power of God unto salva-

tion to every one that believeth, to the Jews first, and also to the Gentiles."

Then he gave us the process of clearing the land and preparing it for cultivation, making a spiritual application of everything—from the taking up of the grubs, the piling and burning of the brush, the chopping, heaping and burning of the old fallen timber, the girdling of the trees and the building of the fence—when it would be ready for the plowman.

Everything in this process was most ingeniously spiritualized and applied to the great work of saving sinners from their ruined condition. This was done in the plain language of the pioneer farmer, showing that the preacher knew all about what he was speaking of.

Now the ground is ready for plowing. The plowman is the preacher of the Gospel.

Here he gave us an account of different kinds of plows, beginning with the old bar-share, with wooden mould board, with its

long handles, long beam, a very clumsy, heavy and unwieldy affair, then all the improvements made in plows down to that time. It was surprising to us all that he had kept the run of these changes in this, the most essential of all agricultural implements, and that he could point out so accurately the advantages of one plow over another.

The plowman or farmer represents the minister of the Gospel. Some think they must go to college four years, and then go through a course of theological training before they are capable of holding and guiding the Gospel plow. Then they look round for fields, where they may try their elegant patent plows, and they find their book-knowledge of spiritual agriculture is of little importance to them without a thorough knowledge of the Bible; and some, after all the pains and expense they have been at, get their plow broke before they have gone a dozen rounds, and then they become doctors, or dentists, or lawyers, or merchants, while

many who have never had the advantage of a liberal education, but have had the ground of their hearts broken up by the plow of conviction and conversion, understand the art of spiritual husbandry, put their hands to the plow, and never look back. They love to see the plow run deep, *beam* deep, tearing up the roots of briars and thorns, and turning up the soil for the reception of the heavenly seed. This is the kind of plowing that insures the spiritual crops; and. in rapid succession, or in other words, this preaching of the Gospel, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, shall be attended with conversions so numerous and powerful that it will require all the forces of the church to take care of the abundant harvest.

Many that profess to be farmers are a disgrace to the calling. Go over their farms and take a look at them. Look at their fences, half rotted down; their fence rows grown up with briars and bushes; but they have this advantage, they are not dependent

on their neighbors for blackberries or elderberries; they raise their own. Look at their stock; everything on the place wears a yoke from the horses down to the geese. Look at their houses; the broken panes of glass in their windows are mended by stuffing in old hats and all kinds of toggeries. The gate is off its hinges; the pigs and cows come around the house, and the two or three poor dogs belonging to the family dispute their right to come there and go for them yelping, seizing the pigs, and, with the barking of the dogs, and the squealing of the hogs, and the hallooing of the farmer, there is noise enough to alarm the country roundabout. See their pigs, with their ears torn off by the dogs; some of their sheep going on three legs, one broken by getting fast while jumping the fence; their horses, with knots on their four legs, caused by their yokes hitting them—everything left where last used.

No particular place for anything. Everything has to be hunted when it is wanted, and

ten times more time is spent in looking for an article than it would have taken to put it in its place. For instance, Brother Jones wanted his auger; the members of the family were asked if any one had seen it. No one knew anything about it. All hands were called to hunt it, but, after an hour's search, it was pronounced lost or stolen. Some time after this, as Brother Jones was conducting family worship, praying with his eyes open, he looked up and saw the auger sticking between a joist and the loft floor of his log-cabin, and said: "*Old woman, I declare there is the auger.*" He did not wait to finish his prayer, but rose and took the auger down, and there was a general rejoicing over it. Now all that time was lost, and that prayer spoiled by inexcusable carelessness. But I don't think the prayer would have amounted to anything if it had been finished. It was not "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man that availeth much."

"Many professors of religion," he said,

"manage their religious affairs as carelessly as these farmers do their farming."

He then gave us a most stirring exhortation which moved everybody present, and called for persons to come out on the Lord's side and join the church, when some five or six gave their names, some of whom had held back a long time.

"Now," said Clawson, "the mountains are dropping sweet wine, and the hills are melting."

This was the beginning of a good work in that neighborhood. Many were converted at that series of meetings, and are, I doubt not, happy in heaven.

One man, however, thought Clawson was personal in his description of the slovenly, lazy farmer, and got fighting mad, and blamed the brother, with whom Clawson staid, with telling Clawson about his farming, etc. When meeting was over, the angry farmer accused this brother of having acted meanly in getting him exposed before the whole

community, as Clawson had done. The brother declared his innocence, but the farmer insisted that he must have done it, or Clawson could not have given such a description without a knowledge of the facts. The neighbors interfered and prevented a hostile collision. All agreed, however, that, though the bow was drawn at a venture, the arrow certainly found its mark.

Chapter XIII.

Battle with Baptists—Baptismal Regeneration—An old German's Experiment.

WHILE pastor on what was once called George's Creek Circuit, Fayette County, Pa., he frequently came in contact with Baptists and Campbellites. These never failed to come off second best in their contests with him. On one occasion he was holding a protracted meeting in a meeting-house where two or three denominations worshiped and had small societies. A powerful revival was in progress during his meeting, and a great many had been converted. A Baptist preacher, by the name of William Wood, came to fill an appointment he had previously made. Brother Clawson, like a good

Christian, said they would have no meeting next day, but would all turn out to hear Brother Wood. This secured Wood a large congregation, and he determined to preach a sermon on baptism, in view of getting a share of the converts, taking this as his text: "There is one Lord, one faith and one baptism." He began by saying: "The Methodists hold to three baptisms. They hold that sprinkling is baptism, that pouring is baptism, and that immersion is baptism. If they are correct, then there are three baptisms instead of one. But we Baptists hold with Paul, that there is but one baptism, and that is immersion," and tried to make the Methodists look ridiculous, holding to three baptisms. "Brethren," said he, "whoever heard of John the Presbyterian, or John the Episcopalian, or John the Methodist, but who has not heard of John the Baptist?"

"And who," says Clawson, in a stage whisper, "has not heard of Billy the fool?"

Clawson was trembling for some of his converts, and took occasion to reply, quoting the same text that Wood had preached from: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." "One Lord, and three persons, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one. Mind that, will you, these three are one. One faith and three degrees, enlightening, justifying and sanctifying. One baptism and three modes of administering it —sprinkling, pouring and immersion. Now," said he, "it is just as consistent to believe there is but one baptism and three modes of administering it as to believe there is but one God and three persons in the Godhead. Get over that, Billy Wood, if you can." Wood made no reply, and the congregation were unanimous in their opinion that Clawson had fully met him. A few days after this, Wood immersed some two or three persons in a creek near by; the weather was intensely cold and the ice so heavy that it was necessary to cut it with

an axe, so as to clear a place for the immersion to be performed. When Mr. Wood came out of the water with the last one, he was asked if the water was not cold. "Cold," said he, "not at all. The temperature of the water depends on the warmth of the heart." This was thought singular, when those who had been baptized were trembling with the chilling effect produced by their immersion. But the people did not know that Brother Wood was provided with an under suit of gum elastic clothing that protected him so thoroughly that not a drop of water touched his skin. The next day Clawson had to immerse six or seven at the same place, and when he came out of the water trembling, he said: "It is awfully cold, and if Billy Wood says it ain't cold, he lies." Poor man, he had as warm a heart as ever throbbed in a human bosom, but he had no gum elastic undersuit.

In that day the followers of Alexander Campbell were making some headway in

the bounds of Brother Clawson's field of labor, and of course made the subject of baptismal regeneration their great hobby. Being present once when Brother Clawson preached, I heard him denounce their practice and system in his characteristic style. He said, "If heaven and heavenly glory are anything like these people's notions of religion and religious enjoyment, heaven must be a wondrously well watered place, for with them the one continued cry is water, water, water.

> "'Come, father, mother, son and daughter,
> Here's the Gospel in the water.'

"Their mode of making Christians reminds one of an old lady dipping candles. She had all her arrangements made, her tallow melted and her wicks neatly twisted and on sticks, and the first thing she did was to dip the wicks in water, then went on and made her candles, and they looked very well, but when she came to light them,

they would hiss and spit, and sputter and flash, and go out. They had water in the wicks. So with these people in making Christians. They get hold of a sinner, and the first thing they do with him is to dip him in the water and pronounce him a Christian. But this process does not make him a burning and shining light. He may, like the old lady's candle, hiss and flash, but is sure to go out. Water in the heart is the difficulty. They will all go out."

An occurrence took place not far from where Clawson labored, that shows the absurdity of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. An old Pennsylvania German, eighty-five years of age, was very much exercised on the subject of religion, and went to hear a Campbellite preacher. The subject was the "new birth," the very thing the old man wanted light upon. The preacher went on to show that it was in the act of being immersed that the great change represented by a new birth was effected. The preach-

er being quite a good speaker, made his theory look quite plausible, and the old man concluded he had found the right way at last. At the close of the sermon the preacher called upon all who would obey the Lord and be baptized for the remission of their sins, to come forward, and to the surprise of all, the old man went forward. This produced quite a sensation in the congregation. The preacher took him by the hand, and asked him if he believed that Jesus Christ was the Son of God?

"I do," said the old man.

"Noble confession," said the preacher.

"We will now go down to the water."

On arriving at the river the preacher made quite a speech, and among other things said: "Here is a man eighty-five years old, who has lived a sinner to the present moment. I am now going to baptize him for the remission of his sins, and in the action of baptism all his sins will be washed away, and he will come out of the water a new

creature in Christ Jesus, old things having passed away and all things become new. The burden of sin will be gone and he will be filled with joy and peace in believing."

He then immersed him. The water was cold, the old man was nervous and feeble, and the shock was too great for him. He strangled badly, and the preacher had to carry him out and hold him up some time before he could stand or speak. When he could speak, a relative of his said:

"Granddad, do you feel any better?"

"No, Jake, not a bit better. I am werry wet and cold and almost drowned. That is all de shange I have experienced. Jake, there is nothing in it."

This was said in the hearing of the crowd, and while the preacher was holding him up. I was intimately acquainted with the old man. He was very honest, and spoke as he felt. I was told he would have nothing more to do with the preacher or his people.

Chapter XIV.

Clawson as a Revivalist—Makes a Great Failure at Camp-Meeting—A Faith Cure.

MR. CLAWSON'S motto was: "If by any means I may save some." To get sinners converted and saved from their sins was the great object he kept in view in all his pulpit efforts, and while he never forgot to prompt Christians to seek the highest attainments in the divine life, he believed they never grew in grace faster than when sinners were being brought to God through their instrumentality, for they were then "co-workers with God." He was always in the revival spirit, summer and winter, and when he saw any symptoms among his people of quickening and awakening, he was ready to lead in

a charge on the ranks of the enemy. Nothing roused him more than the indifference of the members of his charge with regard to the salvation of sinners. On one occasion, when he was intensely engaged for a revival, some of the prominent members showed no sympathy with the cause, but sat with their heads down as careless and listless as though they had neither part nor lot in the matter. "My brethren," said he, "if you don't climb Jacob's ladder faster than you are doing, the devil will catch you as sure as you live. Instead of having your souls lifted up to God in prayer, you sit there humped up like so many steers in a hail-storm, and by your lack of interest and faith you would neutralize the ministry of the Son of God Himself. Instead of keeping the weapons of your warfare bright and burnished, and wielding the two-edged Jerusalem blade, that cuts both ways, and would strike fire from haft to point, you have your wooden swords, and the devil cares no more for them than an elephant would

care for the pellet of a pop-gun, and you are so besotted with spiritual laziness and drowsiness that it would require the sound of the arch angel's trumpet to wake you up. My brethren, if you were to die as you now are, all begrimed with worldliness and covered with rust, it would take an angel with a potsherd half a century to clean you up and fit you for heaven. May the Lord sound the alarm through all the empire of your souls." "Amen," shouted half a dozen.

He was the most unstudied, original preacher I ever heard. It was almost impossible for him to follow the plans of sermons that he had arranged, and to use another man's plan was entirely impossible. I was at a camp-meeting once where he was to preach at 3 o'clock Sabbath afternoon, to a large congregation, near Pittsburgh. A great many of the city folks were out, and all desired to hear him, and I felt very anxious that he should succeed. I asked for his text and the plan of his sermon. He repeated the text and gave me the principal points in the coming

sermon. I suggested a little alteration, and wrote the plan for him as he dictated to me. I thought it very good, and felt sure if he followed it, he would give us a rousing sermon. I told him to commit the plan to memory, stick to it, and throw his whole soul into it. He committed it to memory, but refused to take the paper into the pulpit with him; said he did not need it, and he might get confused by it, as he had never done such a thing. He went to the pulpit very confident of preaching a great sermon, but made a great failure. His introduction was very good, and part of his first division also, but he forgot his arrangement, started after a new train of thought, and got completely lost and confused, and I felt glad when he sat down. It was the worst failure I ever knew him to make, and I blamed myself very much for it. If I had said nothing to him about his plan he would have done better.

In talking with him about his failure, he said his leaving his plan for a new idea that

came to his mind was the cause of his confusion. He said it reminded him of an occurrence that he once witnessed. He was in the country, and he heard a hound-dog howling as if it were being almost killed; a few minutes brought him to where a man was beating the dog most unmercifully. He asked the man why he was whipping the dog. The man said he was chasing a fox, which was very tired, and the dog was gaining on it very fast, and he expected to catch it in a short time, when suddenly a rabbit started up, and the dog left the fox and took after the rabbit, and ran it into a hole.

"I lost the fox," said the man, "but I am determined the dog shall never forget his fault. The truth is, I lost my sermon by starting after a new idea, but I got badly whipped."

He told me of his getting thrown off the track once when exhorting at the conference in Steubenville, Ohio. He said a man, by the name of Cass, was to preach one night,

and requested Clawson to exhort after him. Cass made a great deal of noise, but failed badly. As Clawson rose up to exhort, Cass said to him:

"Go ahead like thunder and lightning. There has been no good done at this conference."

Clawson, having received such a charge, went at it with all his might, and quite an excitement sprang up in the audience, and he was making one of his best efforts, entirely outdoing Cass, who began to feel that Clawson was eclipsing him, and attempted to stop him by plucking and pulling at his coat-tail. Clawson turned around to him, and said:

"Behave yourself; I don't want to be plucked and pulled, nor nipped nor misled when I am chasing the devil."

This caused a burst of laughter.

Forty-five years ago he came to assist Brother Reeves and I at a quarterly meeting at Springfield Chapel, on the Zanesville Cir-

cuit. On Saturday at 11 o'clock he preached. The people had never seen him before, and were delighted with his preaching. His text was: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." I thought it one of the most tender and pathetic discourses I ever heard. The congregation was moved to tears. It was announced that he would preach the 11 o'clock sermon on Sabbath.

In conversation with him, I asked him what he was reading, and he said:

"'Rollin's Ancient History.' What an old fool that Exodus was," said he.

"Brother," said I, "you must mean Xerxes."

"Yes," said he, "I got the wrong name. What a great patriot Leonidas was, who met Xerxes with three hundred men at the gap of Thermopylæ, and held Xerxes and his great army in check until he and his men were all killed."

I asked him if he could not use that scrap of history in a sermon. He said he could,

and I should hear him use it as an illustration. I told Brother Reeves about his calling Xerxes, Exodus, and his intention to use the story of Leonidas in a sermon.

On Sabbath morning he took for his text this passage: "Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord." Deut. xxxiii. 29. He was in fine trim for preaching; had great liberty, and the congregation was wrought up to a very high pitch. In showing in what respects there was none like God's Israel, he said there was none like them for war. He spoke of their numerous and powerful enemies, and of their coming off "more than conquerors." He said: "When I think of the Christian in combat with the great multitudes of his enemies, I am reminded of—of—" (I saw he intended to bring in Leonidas contending with Xerxes' great army, but he scratched his head so vigorously that I was filled with laughter, and could not help him). "Brethren," he continued, "I am not good at recollecting proper

names, but the battle was fought at—at I believe—Pensacola." At this Brother Reeves laughed outright, and turned it off with a hearty amen, which so amused me that I had the greatest difficulty to suppress my laughter. No one in the congregation knew what he was aiming at but Brother Reeves and I. He dropped the illustration, and swept through the balance of the sermon like an irresistible torrent, carrying everything with him. He closed with such a representation of Christian happiness as must have made the most thoughtless of sinners wish they were Christians. It was a grand Gospel sermon, and was often spoken of by the great number of warm, zealous, old-time Methodists who heard and felt its inspiring influence. Of that dear people I here make record, that they were, as a congregation, among the most pious men and women I ever knew. To them I preached my first sermon as an itinerant Methodist Protestant preacher, forty-five years ago. Forty years after that date I

preached to their descendants who have taken their parents' places; and in looking over the congregation I could see but two that heard my first sermon, the old class-leader and his wife, Samuel and Sarah Johnson, my old uncle and aunt.

A remarkable occurrence took place in the Springfield Chapel at an evening meeting I held on my return from the Pittsburgh Conference, held in Mount Vernon, Ohio. Brother Henry Williams, the delegate from Allegheny City, was in company with me. On our way to the church we called on Brother and Sister Evrett, two excellent pious old people, and found her greatly afflicted with rheumatism in the back, from which she had been suffering for a long time. She had not been able to straighten herself up for some time, and had to walk with two canes. I expressed my sorrow that she was not able to go to meeting. She said she was determined to go if she had to crawl. Just as service began she came up the aisle with her two sticks, and greatly

bowed down. I called on Brother Williams to make the closing prayer, and he was all on fire, and prayed in the Spirit. When prayer was over, a familiar hymn was struck up, and a heavenly breeze swept over the congregation. Suddenly we were startled by Sister Evrett throwing down her canes, and bounding about two feet from the floor, clapping her hands and praising the Lord with a loud voice. She went up and down the aisle like the lame man healed at the temple gate, "walking and leaping and praising God." You may depend upon it, there was a lively time. We all caught the sacred fire, and helped the good old sister to praise the Lord. The next morning I called on her, and found her attending to her household affairs, still happy in the Lord, and as straight as ever she had been. She said she had left her canes and rheumatism in the church. Brother Henry Williams still lives, and will confirm every word here written if any one has doubts.

Chapter XV.

Returns from Kentucky—Preaching Among the Oil Men—Opposes Secession—One of His Sons Espouses the Southern Cause—Touching Scene in the Family—Is Sent to Camp Chase—Is Sent Through the Military Lines to the South.

IN 1860 Brother Clawson was returning to West Virginia, through Ohio, from one of the furnace districts of Kentucky, where he had been for some time on mission work. On arriving at Athens, Ohio, he was introduced to the President of Athens College, who informed him that some of the Christian denominations there had been holding a series of revival meetings, and invited him to remain for a week and help them in the good cause, to which Brother Clawson re-

plied, that if they would give him fifty dollars he would do so. Afterward, in speaking of this incident, he said that "some of the tallest students, intellectually, of the college were powerfully converted." The fifty dollars were put into his pocket, and he started for home, feeling more comfortable, financially, than he would otherwise have done, as the pay of missionaries is not always remunerative in a financial sense.

In the winter and spring of 1860–'61, Brother Clawson was out in the oil regions of West Virginia, preaching to the oil men, who had been drawn thither from various parts of the country by reason of the discovery there of vast deposits of petroleum; and one of the speculators in oil lands, being quite an admirer of Brother Clawson, gave him a bit of land not very far from some of the great oil wells; but that was the end of it, as the political cauldron had been seething and boiling, and began to make things look gloomy for that business.

He returned to his home, in Weston, to find that great excitement existed among the people on account of the political condition of the country, and that his eldest son, together with several other young men of the town, had formed a nucleus of a company of soldiers, to be organized for the southern cause. This fact was the occasion of quite a scene between father and son, they holding opposite views as to the action of some of the southern States in passing ordinances of secession. The father denounced secession, on the part of the South, as rash and hasty; that no act hostile to southern institutions had been committed by the lately inaugurated Federal administration; that it had been constitutionally clothed with power, and that it should have a fair and impartial trial, before rushing blindly into civil war. He was particularly severe in his remarks about South Carolina and Massachusetts, both of which, he said, ought to be thrown out of the Union, and compelled to remain out until they would

learn to behave themselves; that they were continually snapping and snarling, like a couple of fiste dogs, and would eventually get larger dogs into a fight. The son contended that there would be no war; that the older and more experienced men of the town had told him all that the soldiers would have to do would be to go to the railroad, and protect it against marauding parties from some of the adjoining States; that it would be a "John Brown" affair, and soon blow over. The father maintained that it would be as "natural for war to break out, in case the South seceded, as it would be for light to flow from an unclouded sun." The young man did not think so; his father, he knew, had not been reading the great political papers of the country, like the lawyers and doctors of the village, who were continually pouring over the daily news from the centers of the political troubles, and that they were better advised and posted than he; but it may now be stated, after reflection of some years, that

Brother Clawson's sources of information were sounder and better upon which to base an intelligent opinion, than were the readers of political editorials, that were dictated by ambition and selfish ends. He had been but recently through portions of Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, intermingling with all shades of society, and had felt the popular pulse upon the subject of secession, and he believed that the disruption of the Union would result in war. His vivid imagination saw the whole frontier, between the North and South, lit up with the red glare of burning villages, etc., and said he would not be surprised that in "less than two years a million of lives would be sacrificed if the condition of national affairs were not satisfactorily adjusted." The young man persisted in his determination to join the Confederate cause, and finally Brother Clawson reluctantly gave his consent; and when the time arrived for the young man to depart, the Clawson family were called to prayer at the

midhour of a night in June, 1861, and the head of the family prayed calmly and eloquently that this "cup of sorrow might pass; that the great outrage, that seemed inevitable, upon justice, civilization and humanity, might be averted; that the curtain that was surely rising upon a tragedy, the very contemplation of which made the hearts of men fall back upon themselves, might cease to rise; that the black and ominous clouds of war that were rapidly rushing to the political zenith might be dispelled by the Sun of Peace, before the hands of brothers were stained with each other's blood." The father and mother gave their blessing to the departing one, and said their prayers would follow him. His father said: "When the angel of death is abroad upon the battle-field, do not fail to pray to God to protect you from the missiles of death, and the Lord will surely do it." And that young man, now considerably beyond middle life, firmly believes, to this day, that when his father rose from his knees

that sorrowful night, he felt that his son would return to his home again. It was not many months before he had occasion to remember the words of advice, and to put to practice the injunction. It was at the bloody battle of Port Republic, in the spring of 1862, when the regiment to which he belonged was sent to the center of an open wheat-field to attack the enemy, while the main force of Confederates made a flank movement. The regiment thus exposed, met with a fearful fatality, nearly half of them being killed or wounded. Then he prayed to be spared, and he was not the only one who prayed in that fearful hour; he heard some of his comrades calling aloud upon the Lord to spare them once more.

In the spring of 1863, Brother Clawson and several members of his family, together with many others of the village and neighborhood, were sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, a politico-military prison, upon charges of "disloyalty to the Union." While here, he was

permitted to preach on Sundays to his fellow-prisoners; and he also was continually urging the keeper of the prison to have his case brought before the authorities, so that he might be released, which was soon done. And when arrainged before the tribunal for examination, the judge told him that he was "charged with disloyalty." Brother Clawson said emphatically that the charge was "false." The alternative was presented to him either to go somewhere in Ohio, or be sent through the military lines to the South. The latter he accepted, as he did not see any means of support away from his home, among strangers, and handicapped with alleged disloyalty. Having two sons within the southern lines, it was but natural that he should, under the circumstances, act as he did.

Chapter XVI.

Arrives at Richmond—Finds Friends who Help Him—Scares a Prayer-meeting—A Figure That Was Objected To—Gloomy Hours of Trial—Goes to Newark, New Jersey.

ON arriving in Richmond, Virginia, he fully realized the gravity of his position—a stranger in a strange country, homeless and penniless, with a dependent family upon his hands. But he found many prominent men in Richmond from West Virginia, whom he had known for years; and an article appeared in the newspapers, which was widely circulated, speaking in the highest terms of Brother Clawson's Christian character, and it brought him many friends, and some tenders of pecuniary assistance coming from

portions of the extreme South. The Hon. Thomas Haymond, of Marion County, then a member of the Virginia Legislature, said: "Brother Clawson, if it is money you need, you shall have plenty of that." He was soon quite comfortably housed upon Union Hill, and, through the influence of his West Virginia friends, was appointed a chaplain in Chimborazo Hospital, which position he held till the evacuation of Richmond.

As is well known, he was attentive to the means of grace, and he would go to the house of God whenever he could, regardless of whatever Christian denomination it might be; sometimes he preached, at other times he attended the prayer-meeting, and he was occasionally called upon to pray. About this time the venerable city was closely besieged by the Federal forces, and night and day the thunder of the artillery of the contending armies was distinctly heard by the denizens of the city, and this pounding, thundering and roaring of the great guns had the effect

to arouse in Brother Clawson's peculiarly imaginative mind some hitherto latent springs of bold imagery, and when called upon to pray at one of the meetings, he used such fearful language, beseeching the "great God of battles to 'stoak' the angry cannon's mouths, and stay the carnage that was going on in the once happy land," that it created more alarm and consternation in the pastor of this church and his easy-going congregation than would the bursting of a bomb-shell in their midst. The pastor was a very amiable little man, something of an author and traveler, and had been feeding his flock by the "still waters of life," plucking here and there the "flowery herb" as they passed along, and conveying them by gentle stages to the New Jerusalem "on flowery beds of ease." He threw up his hands in horror to some of his congregation, saying that the "prayer was fearfully eloquent, but it wouldn't do; it would produce religious excitement, which he wished to avoid," and some of the

younger members of his flock thought as he did; but there were a few older men and women among them whose memories ran to the contrary, when religious excitement was very effective in bringing many accessions to the church from the ranks of the world. Whenever Brother Clawson was referred to by any of these old men and women, he was spoken of by them as the "man powerful in prayer." One figure of speech he used at the time now occurs, and that was, that "sinners might be drawn by the 'windlass' of God's love and mercy from the dark and cold regions of unbelief to the bleeding cross of the crucified Redeemer." One gentleman member objected to this figure, because "windlasses" were unknown to the people of Richmond, having fallen into disuse since the adoption of the system of water-works, and the citizens no longer depended upon wells and windlasses for their supply of water. Brother Clawson said he was sorry to learn that some of the young people were gradu-

ally losing "sight of their mother tongue." Speaking of religious excitement, he said that "the moral and spiritual atmosphere needed thunder and lightning, sunshine and rain as well as the physical atmosphere to purge and destroy the foul exhalations that were being continually generated, and if it were not occasionally renovated, moral gangrene and spiritual death would ensue."

The city of Richmond was frequently thrown into great excitement by the many attempts of Federal raiding parties to enter the city. After a daring and almost successful attempt of one of these raiding expeditions, Brother Clawson went to the Capitol building, and one of his acquaintances said:

"Mr. Clawson, if you had it in your power this morning, wouldn't you send all the Yankees to hell?"

"O, no!" replied Clawson; "if it were in my power I would put a stop to this woeful business, and send everybody home to his anxious and distressed friends."

A short time after being sent South, he became greatly depressed in spirits, and said that a dark cloud hung over him for about six weeks, and he was praying night and day to have it removed. He said it was the arch enemy of mankind that was thus tempting him. After the dark cloud passed away, he told some of his West Virginia friends that he had had a desperate fight with the devil, and had, through prayer to God and with His blessing, finally defeated him in his persistent persecution.

Soon after the close of the war, he was taken sick with chills and fever. Dr. Knott, a kind, good man, was his physician, and every means known to the practice of medicine was resorted to to break the fever and drive out the disease, *arsenial potions* finally being adopted to accomplish the end, but he was left somewhat broken in physical strength. He soon, however, went out to Southwestern Virginia to labor, and found many friends. They gave him quite a liberal support, which

enabled him to send provisions, etc., to his family in Richmond. When he was about to start upon this mission, he remarked to one of the members of his family that he "must get off the fodder."

About this time one of the Methodist Protestant churches in Baltimore exhibited rather a lethargic spirit—at a stand-still—and it was thought if a revival of religion would spring up the condition of the church would be improved. Dr. Drinkhouse, editor of the *Methodist Protestant*, I think it was, said: "Send for Brother Clawson," which was done, and he labored there portions of two weeks, and, it is reported, attracted considerable attention.

In the spring of 1868, he went to Newark, New Jersey, having been sent for to fill the pulpit of one of the churches where the pastor was temporarily ill, and he maintained himself for six weeks, preaching night and day if I mistake not, with unabated interest upon the part of the congregation. It was

a matter of surprise to some that his repertory was not exhausted in that time.

Through the influence of the Rev. Dr. S. B. Sutherland, who was president of the Maryland Conference at that time, Brother Clawson was placed upon a field of labor in that district. They had been neighbors in Richmond during the latter part of the late war. In a year or two he returned to West Virginia, the climate of the eastern shore of Maryland not agreeing with those who had been used to a broken, irregular country like West Virginia. While living in Maryland, he and nearly his whole family were sick with chills and fever, which left him pretty badly wrecked in constitution, and unmistakable marks of decline were noticeable in him by some of his old friends. Everything except his voice and matchless tongue seemed to have been severely worsted by two attacks of the remorseless chills. He had a strong, powerful frame, endowed with great endurance, and none other could

have furnished an abode half so long as it did in his case, for an occupant with such an amount of fierce mental activity. Nature intended his frame to last a hundred years.

Chapter XVII.

Attends the Maryland Conference—A Strong Figure—Rebuking the Women for not Singing—A Tree Frog—A Poor Meeting House—Difficulty About Hogs—"Mart" Tobin.

IN 1869 or '70 Brother Clawson was at the session of the Maryland Conference, held at Georgetown, D. C., and he preached at one of the surburban churches on a Sunday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Libby, with whom he was stopping, and the Rev. Mr. Rose, went to the meeting. There was quite a goodly number present, and Brother Clawson had pretty fine liberty in preaching, and one of his illustrations was quite noticeable. In describing the persecutions of the world, he said: "Let the world kick; let it throw

its iron-plated heels into the quivering, bleeding sides of the Church of God, and the time may come when the world would be toppled over into the dark and unfathomable abyss prepared for the devil and his angels." It was said by them that they could almost see the flashing of the iron-shod hoofs. At the close of the services Clawson had wrought up some of the more impulsive ones to the responsive point of saying "Amen," and one old crippled man went out through one of the aisles, hopping upon a stick, shouting "Glory, Glory to God!" Mrs. Libby said that she would tell the President that Brother Clawson was worthy to be assigned to a more pretentious congregation.

At one of the churches in West Virginia, many years ago, the singing was very poor and tame; the women would not join in the singing. While Clawson was preaching away, he heard the croaking of a tree-frog on a neighboring tree, and abruptly stopping in his discourse, he said:

"Hark! listen! do you hear that? There is one of the most homely creatures that the Lord ever placed upon the earth; it has its domicile in the dust, and this beautiful, balmy morning it is joining in the chorus of nature's children, sending up its praises to its Maker, and some people who have souls to save will not sing." At the close of the meeting an Irish minister who was present said:

"Brother Clawson, how could you come down from the solemnities of a 'sarmin' to talk about a toad?"

To which Clawson replied:

"If the great God of the universe could come down from the solemnities of creation to make a toad, surely I can talk about one."

"Ah, Brother Clawson," replied the minister, "your sayings will be thought of and talked of when you are dead and gone."

At another church, in the same part of the country, the edifice in which the services were held, was not of a very prepossessing appearance, and the wind and rain sometimes would

beat through the crevices between the logs, from which the chunking and daubing had fallen out, which somewhat annoyed Clawson, and he stopped again in his sermon, saying:

"This old ante-diluvian structure would not have made a martin-box for Noah's ark when it was plowing its way to Mt. Ararat."

At a certain neighborhood where he was appointed to preach, there had been much ill-feeling among some of the farmers on account of their hogs running at large and getting mixed up, and it was difficult to tell each other's hogs apart. "Lem" Hurst inquired of one of the farmers if it was true that Clawson was going to preach for them, and on an affirmative answer being given, Hurst replied:

"'Dipend,' you will never rue it but once; Clawson will tell you of every hog that you have stolen for the last twenty years."

In 1847 or '48 Brother Clawson was stationed on George's Creek Circuit, in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, one of his appointments being known as "Grassy Run School-

house." It was situated in a beautiful section of the country; it was beneath the last western spur or range of the Allegheny Mountains, locally known as Laurel Hill. It was on the road between Morgantown and Uniontown, Pa. The whole country along this mountain base was interspersed with beautiful houses and hamlets, and in the vicinity of Duncan's Furnace was quite a village of the employes of the furnace, with its white church and parsonage not far distant. In the neighborhood was a man known by the name of "Mart" Tobin, the owner of a fine body of land, and he had in the course of erection a still-house, the vicinity being productive of fruit and grain. Clawson fiercely attacked the project; he denounced it in strong terms from the pulpit. Some of the rougher elements of the vicinity annoyed the congregation by throwing great bowlder stones against the building during the services; but nothing dismayed, Clawson continued his denunciations against the coming distillery. One day

Clawson was passing along the highway and met Mr. Tobin, who hailed him, and asked him why he (Clawson) should make such an ado about his legitimate business. Clawson told him that he regarded it his duty to preach against everything that he believed to be detrimental to the morals of the neighborhood. Tobin finally invited Clawson to visit his home, which Clawson promised to do, but when he told some of his friends of the circumstance, they advised him not to go, as they regarded Tobin as a very bad man; but, nevertheless, Clawson went. Tobin became one of his best friends, and many were the grists of wheat that he placed in Clawson's mill-sack, and the still-house stood unappropriated for the original design, as did also the fixtures, which lay upon the ground outside, and corroded and rotted away.

At one time, in depicting the condition of the unconverted man, he compared him to a poor squirrel hanging to the topmost branch of a tall tree, with only one foot, the others having

been broken by the huntsman, and the dogs were sitting upon their haunches at the base of the tree with their great big mouths ready to catch the squirrel when it should fall. A preacher said to Clawson that he "didn't think any good would come of that figure." Years after a man stood up in class-meeting and related the circumstance as above, and said that it was the means of changing his heart; that he was haunted night and day by that figure, and found relief only seeking the Lord.

Chapter XVIII.

Powerful in Prayer—Gives a Gassy Preacher a Merited Rebuke.

BROTHER CLAWSON was a firm believer in the power of prayer. Dr. Kidwell, a prominent man of Fairmont, West Virginia, and a member of the church, was very ill, and thought he would not recover; Clawson went to see him, and prayed with him at his bedside. On rising from his knees Clawson said: "Doctor, you will get well." The doctor turned over on his side and gave a "dry laugh." The doctor meeting Clawson years afterward, said: "Brother Clawson, that prayer saved my life."

In 1850 he lived in Fairmont, Marion County, West Virginia, and his wife was very

ill, and, as she lay at death's door, the attending physician despaired of her recovery; but Clawson would not give up hope, but continued to pray for her convalescence. He went down into the town one evening and brought to his home Mr. Albert Shore, a Son of Vulcan, who worked at his forge in the day-time and would visit the sick at night and attend prayer-meeting. Clawson and Shore prayed in turn for the poor sick woman to be restored to health and family. Such appeals as the two men made to God in her behalf had scarcely ever before been heard in the town, and the sick lady was spared for many years, and Clawson often said he believed her life was spared through prayer and God's grace.

Brother Clawson, in his sojournings, would frequently pass through towns and neighborhoods where some of the people would invite him to preach, and it was at times with no little difficulty that a place could be secured in which to hold the meeting, especially if there was no church of his own denomina-

tion at the place, and the parties having the authority and permission to use the church, would frequently do it with what Clawson would call "long teeth." There was no one who knew better than he, that envy and jealousy were not exclusively confined to the unregenerate world, but were to be found cropping out occasionally in some of the Christian churches. A case in point was that of a few years ago when he was at Charleston, West Virginia, in the great Kanawha Valley. He had never been in that section of the State before, but his name had gone before him. Mr. Henry Walker, said to be West Virginia's finest political orator, had known Clawson from his (Walker's) youth. He was the editor of a daily morning paper, and each morning during Clawson's stay in the city, quite a complimentary notice of the preacher would appear in the paper. Upon the pastor of the church which was secured for Clawson's accommodation, devolved the duty of introducing him to the audience. The

feeling of antipathy to the strange preacher evinced by the party introducing him to the auditory, was so manifest, that the fact did not escape the notice of some of the assemblage, and was the occasion of a few outside remarks. He introduced Brother Clawson as the "great backwoods" orator; that his like was never before seen in that country, and probably never would be again. He felicitated himself and the audience upon the assumption that oratory and the power of the human voice was gradually giving away to the power of the press; that it would not be long before the orator's "calling would be gone," and eloquence numbered among the obsolete accomplishments. At this Clawson came to the front, saying: "Backwoods or forewoods, I have preached and lectured in towns and cities and States, and in every instance I have found the devil and confronted him; we are all in the backwoods. The power that true eloquence has over the passions and the emotions of men will never yield its suprem-

acy as long as the human heart beats with its natural pulsations." This being the preface of his proposed lecture, Clawson, not in the least discomfited, proceeded with his remarks upon "The Origin and History of the Devil." He afterward said that the minister who introduced him to the audience was not unfamiliar with the theories of attraction, believing that the higher he elevated him the harder would be the fall when he let go of him. When Brother Clawson was quite a small boy, he was in the habit of playing around and about his father's house, wearing a bell. When he became a man and was taking leave of his mother to enter upon the ministry, she referred to this incident in his young life, and said: "Now I know, Samuel, the meaning of your wearing that bell."

Chapter XIX.

A Great Revival at Conference—Camp-Meeting—West Virginia Hospitality—Going to Sodom to Preach—A Ludicrous Scene—Preacher Paid in Bear Skins—The Promise Failed the Preacher—The Word Circumvent Defined by an Old Lady—Old Uncle Jacob's Prayer.

THE division of the Pittsburgh District, by which the Muskingum Conference was constituted, took place in 1842, at Mount Vernon, Ohio. The body had become too large to be accommodated by an ordinary town, and the distance necessary to be traveled by some brethren was so great that it required a month to reach the conference and return to their homes, and then perhaps have to move one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. These considerations

made a division imperative. Brother Clawson was assigned to the Pittsburgh Conference.

On Sabbath afternoon, during the conference, a young brother was to preach in the Methodist Protestant Church at 3 o'clock, and he persuaded Brother Clawson to go with him. On arriving at the church they found a small congregation; most of the conference and the town had gone to hear Rev. Asa Shinn. The young brother had prepared a sermon for awakening sinners, and he preached it. Clawson saw a good impression had been made, and he determined to push the matter, and threw his whole soul into an exhortation. Some three or four wept bitterly, and he called upon them to come to the mourner's bench, which they did instantly. The congregation was taken by surprise, but came up to the work nobly. These seekers cried aloud for mercy, and in a short time one of them was powerfully converted, and made the house ring with shouts of joy. The

noise was heard at a distance by the people returning from the churches, and they came running to see the cause of it. Clawson launched out in another exhortation, which soon brought out four or five more. The meeting was kept up until the sun was nearly down. Brother Reuben Dalby, of the Ohio Conference, preached at night to a great crowd. The sermon was well adapted to the occasion. A glorious revival was the result, with many additions to the church.

Brother Clawson was remarkable for such dashing charges, and frequently succeeded where others failed. His faith in God was unlimited, and he was always ready for action, and would set a town on fire while another would be lighting his match. In evidence of this, I was told of an attack he made on a wicked little village where there were no professors of religion except a man and his wife and a few hard-shell Baptists. The gentleman who was my informant, said he met Brother Clawson coming out of the

town where he lived, and asked him where he was going. He said to Sodom.

"What are you going there for, Brother Clawson?" The answer was:

"To clear out about four acres of hell."

The people knew nothing of his coming or his intention. He knew no one there except the two spoken of, but had a strong impression that he ought to go and preach. He soon made known his errand, and asked for the use of the school-house, but was refused. He obtained a private house, and preached to a small congregation. Spent the next day in visiting, talking and praying for the people. The school authorities relented and opened the house for him, and it was packed full. When he preached, he always had a purpose to accomplish, and here he aimed at the awakening and conversion of these sinners. His sermons, prayers and hymns were all directed to this great object, and the anxious inquiry was soon awakened in many hearts, "What must I do

to be saved?" Brother Clawson knew how to answer this question. The surrounding country, as well as the village, was stirred up, and in a short time about fifty persons were converted and organized into a Methodist Protestant Church. The grog-shop was abolished (its owner having been converted), and a subscription paper was started for the erection of a house of worship, which was accomplished, and that place is now the headquarters of the circuit.

When West Virginia was set off from the Pittsburgh District as a separate conference, Brother Clawson went into the new conference, and there lived and labored and died. No man in that conference was more highly honored and beloved than he. I was delighted to see that the labors of my friend were highly appreciated to the close of his life. His residence for many years previous to his death was in Braxton County, West Virginia, among as kind-hearted people as I have ever known. In the summer of 1837, in company

with five or six others, I went to that county to attend a camp-meeting, which was held in what was called the flat woods, Rev. J. Penell, pastor. On the forenoon of the third day of our journey, near 12 o'clock, we saw a man coming down a lane towards our way, who stepped into the middle of the road as if to stop us.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "it is six miles to the camp-ground, and dinner will be over before you get there. We have been apprised of your coming, and have dinner ready for you, so please give us the pleasure of your company for dinner."

To such a kind invitation, so politely expressed, there could be but one answer. We followed him to his good home, where an excellent dinner awaited us. Our host was a fluent talker, and among the many interesting things he told us was one of seeing a meeting broken up by a ludicrous occurrence. A minister was preaching in a farmer's house on the afternoon of a very hot day. The preach-

er stood facing the front door. After he had got fairly into his sermon, an old gentleman and lady came to the door; he looked in and saw but one vacant seat, and that was by the door. He pointed it out to his wife, but she shook her head, and pointed to the door-sill. He took the seat, and she sat down on the sill, and turned around so that she could see the preacher, who had the undivided attention of every one. The old lady sat almost behind her husband, and had her eyes fixed upon the preacher and her mouth wide open. The old gentleman equally interested, had his mouth full of tobacco, which he wished to throw out, and putting up his hand, emptied his mouth, and forgetting that his wife was behind him, threw the whole of it into her mouth. Almost strangled, she sprang up and ran to the spring, coughing and spitting as if terribly nauseated. No one saw it but the preacher, who was so excited with the occurrence, that he roared out laughing as if he would split his sides. The congregation were utterly amazed, and

none more so than the old gentleman, who looked the very picture of innocence. The preacher had lost all control of himself, and all his attempts at an explanation only made the matter worse. At last he made out to say, "Friends, go home." Some one asked the old lady if she knew what the preacher was laughing at? "Yes," said she, "I guess I do know," and when she told the people, they had their laugh, and excused the preacher.

At this camp-meeting there was a large number of people, and the best order I ever saw at such a gathering. They were plainly dressed, but very polite, and unbounded in hospitality They had no boarding-tents, or, more properly speaking, boarding was free at every tent. When meal-time came, the tent-holders gave a general invitation to walk in and dine or sup with them, as the case might be. These kind people are a fair example of the politeness and hospitality of West Virginians in general,

and among them Brother Clawson spent the evening of his days.

Brother Penell's year closed with the camp-meeting. He had received but little money, but the brethren had donated him five or six bear-skins, neatly dressed, for saddle-covers, which were worth five or six dollars each. In those days preachers had to travel almost entirely on horseback, and to have a good bear-skin to cover saddle and saddle-bags, and make a soft seat, was quite a luxury. Brother Penell piled his bear-skins on his saddle and secured them with a cord, and being a very tall man, mounted on his pile of skins, and wearing a high-crowned and narrow-brimed hat, he made a very comical appearance. On his way to conference, with several brethren, they staid over Sabbath in Waynesburg, Pa. As he was the oldest preacher in the company, it devolved on him to preach the morning sermon. He had a loud voice, large mouth and long arms, and when animated gave

emphasis by stamping and bringing down his hand with force on the Bible. On this occasion he wished to be very emphatic in something he was going to say, and lifting his hand and foot, and opening his mouth, he caught and caught at the word, but could not get it, so he brought his hand and foot down without a word. Many in the congregation laughed. "Brethren," said he, "I have been a professor of religion for thirty years, and for the first time the promise has failed me. 'Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it,' is the promise. Now I appeal to you all, if I did not open my mouth wide, and nothing came." This so pleased some of the people, that they wanted him for their preacher next year.

On our way from Brother Penell's camp-meeting, we attended a camp-meeting in Harrison County, Brother W. G. Williams, pastor. Here we met Dr. Laishley, then in the vigorous prime of his life, and a great camp-meeting preacher. Dr. Laishley was to

preach on Saturday at 3 o'clock P. M. All were looking for something very fine from the Doctor, who immediately after dinner went into the preacher's tent to prepare for preaching, when, as he told me afterwards, he heard two old sisters talking, who had found seats close to the tent where he was. Not having seen each other for some time, they were having a social after-dinner smoke and chat.

"Polly," said one, "I wish you had been here last night to have heard Brother John Clark. I think it was the greatest sermon that ever was preached on this creek. I do believe I could have heard it half a mile."

"Jennie," said Polly, "did you ever hear Dr. Laishley preach?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, when you hear him this afternoon, you will say Brother Clark can't hold a candle to him." (To all this the Doctor was an interested listener.) "But," she continued, "I did not like the man who preached this

morning; he used too many big words, and talked so much about the devil circumventing us. I never heard that word used before, and do not know the meaning of it."

Polly—"Well, I can't explain it as the dictionary does, but I can illustrate it in this way: If I were to circumvent you, would you not be circumvented?"

"Why, to be sure I would; I never thought of that!"

This was too much for the Doctor's gravity. He left the tent very suddenly, so as to have his laugh without interrupting the old ladies' conversation.

An effectual, fervent prayer.

Sunday evening of this camp-meeting had arrived, a powerful sermon had been preached, and penitents invited to the mourner's bench, but none came. The outlook seemed very discouraging. Brother Williams, the warm-hearted pastor, exhorted, but without apparent effect. He then called out: "Uncle Jacob, pray," when an old gray-

headed colored man very deliberately got down on his knees, and commenced telling the Lord what a poor, weak and unworthy creature he was. Yet he reminded the Lord of His having heard his poor prayers often in times past. Then, in the most humble, importunate and pleading manner, he besought the Lord to give him the spirit of prayer, and help him "once moah; jes once moah; jes once moah, O Lord, for Jesus' sake." We all felt that he addressed a present God, with whom he was well acquainted, and in whom he had unlimited confidence. He then told the Lord of all the deaths that had taken place in the neighborhood since the last camp-meeting, and how happy fathers and mothers had died, giving their last words, and of the solemn promises their children had made them to give their hearts to God and meet them in heaven. So of all the deaths that had taken place during the past year, with all the particulars connected with each case. By this time the people were weeping

all around us. Then he broke out in one of the most impassioned, powerful prayers I ever heard, his voice becoming clearer and louder as he continued. The brethren and sisters seemed to take fire, and penitents came crowding to the altar. Old Jacob seemed to have gained his heaven of heavens. There was a party of young ladies from Rooting Creek present, who were among the finest singers I ever heard, and who seemed to be full of religion. They led the singing. Many were converted that night. About midnight the last seeker was made happy in the love of God, and Uncle Jacob shouted: "Hallelujah! All de stuff is worked up; take de great gospel axe and cut down moah timber."

Never will I forget that meeting. The tones of that poor old slave's voice ring in my ears, and thrill my heart while I write.

Chapter XX.

Breaks up a Grog-Shop—Drives the Devil Over the River—Rescues a Village from Ruin—A Characteristic Exhortation.

ABOUT the year 1870, the village of Burnsville was established on the banks of the Little Kanawha, in West Virginia. The principal business of the place is the manufacture of lumber, and requires a great many hands, the majority of whom are young men. The business attracted an enterprising and intelligent population, and the village gave promise of prosperity and of great importance to the surrounding country. In the midst of the youthful prosperity of the village, the devil instigated a young man to erect a grog-shop in its midst, the bad consequences of which were soon painfully

apparent. Young men who had been a credit to the place, frequented this establishment, and became drunkards. One man, a kind, industrious and well-to-do head of an interesting family, fell into this snare of the great enemy, and became a raving maniac. A faithful few, headed by a Presbyterian minister, did all they could to dry up this fountain of evil that was sending out its streams of misery and death through their community. They held meetings, used moral suasion and appealed to the law, but all in vain. Finally it was suggested to send for Rev. Samuel Clawson to come and hold a protracted meeting. This was done, and he responded to their call at once, and sent an appointment. The young man who was running the grog-shop became uneasy when he heard that Clawson was coming, for he had learned of his great success in his protracted efforts, and feared that he would make a clean sweep of his customers; that his bar and card-table would be deserted, and his business ruined.

Promptly at the appointed time Clawson came, and being fully posted as to the state of things, he told the congregation what he had learned concerning the intemperance and wickedness of the place. "Now," said he, "for the suppression of these evils I am among you, and with your co-operation and the help of Almighty God, I intend to clear out about ten acres of hell, and drive the devil over the river, and break up his recruiting office."

For a night or two he paid very little attention to the unconverted, his first object being to bring the few who were professors of religion to realize their great responsibility. The whisky man and his associates began to think that Clawson was not so terrible after all. They were even pleased with the manner in which he dealt with inconsistent professors of religion. But on the fourth night, when he felt that he had his forces well in hand, he charged most furiously on the ranks of the enemy, and the result was,

the altar crowded with penitents crying for mercy. This caused the people to shout for joy. The whisky man saw that his business was sure to be ruined unless the meeting was stopped. Several had deserted his standard, and he saw all his customers at the meeting. He said he would scare old Clawson off. "Yes," said one of his former customers, "you might as well think of climbing up to heaven on a ladder of razors as to think of scaring Clawson." He swore if Clawson did not stop the meeting, he would stop it by shooting him. Clawson was informed of this threat, and said he would attend to the young man. That night the work broke out with great power. Young men and old men were down on their knees pleading for pardon. At the close of this evening's service Clawson said: "We are informed that notwithstanding we drove the devil over the river, he sent one of his imps back to break up our meeting if he had to shoot me. This imp, with a few, a very few,

of his followers, who stick to him like ticks to a dog, are on hand to-night. Is it possible we will have to stop our meeting when the devil is on the retreat to please this imp of his who deals out his distilled damnation in the shape of apple jack? You will shoot me, will you? Suppose you would shoot me; I would go to heaven. But you would go to hell as straight as if shot out of a gun. But I have my doubts whether the devil would own you when you get there, after such threats as you have made." The result of the meeting was twenty-seven conversions and the grog-shop broken up. No whisky has been sold there since, and the village is noted for its industry, sobriety and morality.

During the winter of 1876, Oliver Lowther, who was pastor of the Lewis Circuit, West Virginia Conference, was engaged in a protracted meeting at the Laurel Lick appointment, assisted by Revs. S. Clawson, M. Lee and J. Lawson. The meeting had been in progress a few days, with but little

success, outside of the church. Brother Clawson, at the request of Brother Lowther, arose to give an exhortation to sinners, and this he did with his usual zeal. At the close of this exhortation, he used a figure as he was appealing to sinners to let Christ in, declaring that He was knocking at the door of their hearts for admittance, and they were treating the Lord with the greatest disrespect by receiving His servants and refusing to receive Him. "What would you think," said he, "of a man who would receive your dog into his parlor and shut you out? If I was a man of great wealth, and had all the comforts of life, and you would come and rap at my door for admittance, and I would look out and see your dog by your side, and would step to the door, and on opening it, I would say, 'Come in, Penny' (and here Clawson whistled as if he was calling the dog), and when you would plead for admittance, I would bolt the door and declare to you that I would not allow you to enter my dwelling, and

would take Penny to the fire and warm him, while you were forced to stand out in the cold; and then I would take Penny to the table, and say, sit here by my side, Penny, and have some of this, for it is very nice, and you were all this time knocking for admittance; and as the door was of glass, you were beholding your dog at my table feasting on the dainties of life, while you were suffering with hunger, would you not get offended and declare that you would never rap at my door again? And this is the way you are treating the Lord. Here is Brother Lowther, Brother Lee, Brother Lawson, Brother Batten and myself, and we are nothing but the feeble servants of God, and are not as near equal to the Lord as the dog is to a man. But you are ready to receive us, but refusing to receive Christ. Yes, it is come go with me, brethren. Come with me, Brother Clawson, and come in Brother Clawson and be seated here by the fire, and after we are comfortable, next set up to the table, and

here is the table almost ready to break under the load of good things, and it is have some of this, Brother Clawson; oh, yes, you must have some of this, for it was prepared especially for you. So we are all faring sumptuously, while Christ is knocking at the door of your hearts for admittance, and you are still refusing to admit the great King of glory. Oh, for heaven's sake, let Jesus in. For God has said, 'My Spirit shall not always strive with man.' So it is a wonder to me that God does not withdraw His Spirit and say, 'My Spirit shall not strive with you again.'" At the close of this appeal many came weeping to the altar of prayer.

Chapter XXI.

Clawson Debates With Rev. J. Coil on the Origin of the Methodist Episcopacy—Objects to Mr. Coil's Witnesses —Uses Them Himself, and Turns Coil's Guns Upon Him —Mr. Wesley's Letter to Asbury and Coke—Clawson Proclaimed the Victor.

MANY years ago a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the name of Coil, asserted that John Wesley was the founder of Episcopacy in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Brother Clawson heard this, and denied it. Coil invited him to a public discussion of this matter, proposing to prove his assertion. Clawson accepted the challenge, and the time and place were agreed upon, and the matter was published. A great multitude of people assembled to hear the debate, which was held in a neighbor-

hood where nearly all the people were Methodists, and about equally divided between the Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Protestant Churches. Judges were appointed, and the question for debate stated. Mr. Coil affirmed, and Mr. Clawson denied. Mr. Coil had brought an armful of books published at the Methodist Episcopal Book Concern at New York, and began to read from one of them an account of Mr. Wesley's ordaining Dr. Coke a bishop. Mr. Clawson objected to the testimony as being *exparte*, and contended that Mr. Coil had no right to bring in the Methodist Episcopal Church history upon the subject. Mr. Coil exclaimed:

"Good gracious! who ever heard of the like?"

Clawson—"I'll make you hear of the like. I appeal to the judges for their decision."

The judges decided the point well taken, and said Mr. Clawson might use those books in the debate, but Mr. Coil could not

do so. This was applauded by many in the audience, and quite discomfited Mr. Coil. When Clawson's time came, he said:

"I propose to take one of Mr. Coil's witnesses to prove that Mr. Wesley not only had nothing to do with the establishing of Episcopacy among the Methodists of the United States, but was uncompromisingly opposed to it. Mr. Wesley appointed Dr. Thomas Coke to superintend the affairs of the American Methodists, in connection with Francis Asbury, as he overlooked the affairs of Methodism in England. The ministers of the Methodists held a conference in Baltimore in 1784, and received these men as their superintendents, but in publishing the minutes of the conference, they changed the term superintendents to bishops. Many of the preachers objected to the change, but Coke and Asbury said they both meant the same thing; but Wesley did not think so, as you will see from the letter he wrote them on the same subject. I read from 'Moore's Life of

Wesley:' 'I am a little afraid both the Doctor and you differ from me; I study to be little, you study to be great; I found a school, you a college; nay, and call it after your own name. O beware! Do not seek to be something. Let me be nothing and Christ be all in all. One instance of this, your greatness has given me great concern. How can you, how dare you, suffer yourselves to be called bishops? I shudder, I start at the very thought. Men may call me a knave or a fool, a rascal, and I am contented, but they shall never, by my consent, call me a bishop. For my sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, put a full end to this.' How does that agree, Mr. Coil, with your assertion of Methodist Episcopacy? How does this sound from Mr. Wesley as the father of Methodist Episcopacy? 'I have appointed Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury superintendents (*not bishops*) over our brethren in North America.'" The people present felt that Clawson had driven him to the wall, and again applauded. Mr.

Coil then went into an eulogy of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but Clawson said the church was not on trial, but the paternity of Episcopacy, and despite of all that Coil could say or do, Clawson held him to that point. The debate lasted two days, and the people got tired of Coil, and when he got up to speak, there would be a rush for the door, and when Clawson would speak they would come rushing in. Clawson represented Episcopacy and its adjuncts by the great red dragon with seven heads and ten horns. The dragon was the great ecclesiastical hierarchy; the seven heads were the seven bishops; the ten horns were the presiding elders, and the great tail was the membership that Mr. Coil has been boasting of. Clawson was decided the victor.

Mr. Coil afterwards became a warm friend of Clawson.

Chapter XXII.

Speech in Behalf of the Aid Society—Traps a Miser—Drubs a Lawyer.

IN the fall of 1856 the West Virginia Conference held its annual session in the town of Webster, and it was determined to hold a meeting to raise funds to increase the capital of the Conference Aid Society. Brother Clawson was appointed as the speaker for the occasion, and due publication was made. As was expected, a great crowd gathered from the town and surrounding country to hear the "wild man," as many called him. When the time came, the congregation was so large that the meeting had to be held in a grove. This was all the better for Brother Clawson, who greatly loved to preach in the grove. A

better selection of a speaker for the occasion could not have been made. He was poor, and painfully felt, as well as saw, the need of the aid proposed by this society for the worn-out ministers of the Gospel. He could speak feelingly of the wants that pinched the poor itinerant preachers. He at once threw his whole soul into his subject. "When I will be superannuated," said he, "I will be turned out like an old worn-out horse, unfit for further service, with his shoulders raw and back sore, and his sides skinned with the traces, and his hip bones protruding enough to hang your hat on; and, after all the service he had rendered his master, doomed to run around on the commons, snapping his teeth over the gravel to get a blade of grass here and there henceforward, through summer's heat and winter's cold, rains and snows to look out for himself." Here he launched out in a torrent of denunciation against the men that would thus treat their once faithful horses, that had yielded all their strength to

serve them until they were worn out. "Now, brethren, what we all condemn as cruel and inhuman in this treatment of an old horse, the church practices toward her old servants that have given all their time and strength to promote her interests. By-and-by this old head will be as gray as a badger (running his hand through his hair, and causing it to stand on end), and the people will ask what has become of Brother Clawson? Oh, he is too old to travel any more, and he can preach only now and then. He lives up yonder in that old log cabin with the mud and stick chimney, where you see that little dog propping himself against the door, trying to bark at us, but he is so weak and starved we can't hear him." He then appealed to the humanity, the justice and benevolence of the congregation to stand by the old ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, to help them in their old age and helplessness. Their hearty responses and their flowing tears showed that he had touched their hearts with a God-given

pathos; and at once he went into the congregation, appealing to them for help. Instinctively almost every one opened his pocket-book or purse and gave liberally. He had others to pass through the crowd with notes prepared for the signatures of those who wished to help in that way. Coming to a man who was never known to give anything for religious or charitable purposes, the stingy fellow thought to get rid of Clawson by saying to him: "Go to that man," pointing to him, "and if he will give you ten dollars, I will give you ten also." Clawson went to the man and asked him for something. The man refused, and he then told the man that such a one had promised to give ten dollars if he would give the same. The man still refused. "What," said Clawson, "do you intend to keep the Lord Jesus Christ out of twenty dollars? You may be lost if you hinder that man from giving his ten dollars, and he may be lost, and charge you with being the cause of his damnation." He handed

Clawson the ten dollars, who went to the first, who promptly handed over the other ten. He then went to another man, who proposed to give one dollar if Clawson would give him change for a twenty dollar bill. "Throw in your money, and take out your change," said Clawson. The man took out dollar after dollar until he had four or five, and was very slow. "Take care," said Clawson, "you don't take out more than you put in." This confused the man, and he left fifteen dollars in. Thus they went on for an hour, collecting in notes and cash many hundreds of dollars more than they ever took in before or since. The old horse argument had great weight with that crowd.

When Brother Clawson was well dressed, he was a fine looking gentleman, but it was sometimes the case that his funds ran low and his clothing well worn, but in such cases his needs were always supplied, and sometimes in a singular manner. Once his pantaloons were threadbare, and in the morning after

he had given the wicked a terrible overhauling the night before, he met one of the worst men in the neighborhood, who spoke very kindly to him, saying: "Mr. Clawson, you aimed to give me a center shot last night, but instead of hitting me in the heart, you hit me on the legs, and the meaning of this is that I must get you a new pair of pantaloons." He got them for him.

One of his friends told me that in the days of slavery, Clawson denounced a man from the pulpit for whipping a slave woman that belonged to him. The man declared he would have Clawson arrested with a State warrant, but the man's friends told him if he attempted that he would find that he had a wild cat on his hands, and thus dissuaded him from it. A short time after this Clawson was passing the store door of this woman-whipper. The man spoke kindly to Clawson, and invited him in, but he refused to go in until the man noticed that Clawson needed a pair of boots, and handed him a pair to try on. He

then went in, and the man not only gave him the boots, but a suit of clothes. Clawson dressed up and took a walk down street, and met one of his brethren, to whom he said: "See what that man gave me who you said was going to prosecute me. I should not wonder if that woman deserved every lick she got after all."

He unfortunately got it into his head that his wife had an interest in an immense estate in England, and some persons were willing to loan him money. Notes were given for ten times the amount he received, and they were to be paid when he got the expected fortune. The holders of these notes put them into the hands of a lawyer for collection. This lawyer had once been a preacher in the West Virginia Conference, but had been expelled for bad conduct, and he came on to the conference to collect the notes. "I remember," a friend writes, "Clawson helping me when I was an applicant for orders, and I determined to stand by him in this case. The

matter was brought before the conference, and I explained it, and Clawson's character passed. The following night Clawson preached, and took this for his text: 'The devil goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' He began by saying the devil never traveled on foot. He always found some kind of a vehicle to travel in, if it were nothing better than some broken-down, rotten, worthless, hypocritical, pharisaical Judas, who had been kicked out of the church for his sins, and knocked into a petty third-rate lawyer, following up the ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, even into the house of God. The devil ought to be ashamed of himself, coming to this annual conference in such a plight, and for associating with such company as this wretch. Hell fire would be disgraced by burning him, and the lowest devils would shun his society. But there is no such thing as fathoming the depth of the devil's meanness. The Lord Jesus once drove two thousand devils out of two men into

two thousand hogs, and the hogs felt themselves so much disgraced that they all committed suicide by drowning themselves, and if sinners of this place knew how much they are disgraced by their connection with the devil, you might find enough of them at the bottom of the Ohio River to-morrow morning to keep the coroner of Pleasants County a week holding inquests. But mean as the devil is, the lawyer that brought him here is still meaner." He left suddenly.

Chapter XXIII.

Theory of the Tempter Who Beguiled Eve — The Devil Transformed into an Angel of Light—Two Big Scares—A Conceited Young Man—Dr. Laishley the Most Fearless Man I Ever Knew—Terribly Frightened.

BROTHER CLAWSON, from his peculiar make-up, would not be confined to the theories of others, however learned they might be. He thought for himself on all points, and formed his own opinions, and taught them regardless of others from whom he differed, as the following will show. Many years ago Rev. George Nestor was president of West Virginia Conference, and had a list of appointments for the southern part of the district, which he was unable to fill in consequence of affliction in

his family. He secured Brother Clawson to fill these appointments as his proxy. The Blue Sulphur Mission, J. W. F. Goode, pastor, was on this list. Arrangements were made to have the Sabbath meetings in a grove, as it was supposed a very great concourse of people would be present to hear the president's deputy, whose fame had preceded him. The grove was well filled with a multitude of eagerly expectant people. When Brother Clawson went upon the platform all eyes were upon him. He announced for his text: "But I fear least by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." He said it is wonderful to see the labored efforts of learned men to show that the serpent was a monkey or baboon or some other animal or reptile that ranged the garden of Eden and had the power of speech. He said it was no animal, but the devil who had transformed himself into an angel of light. He said that Adam,

fresh from the hands of the Creator, was not only the noblest of all creatures on earth, but the most beautiful in the eyes of Eve of all the works of God she had seen, but the tempter took upon him a still nobler appearance than that of Adam, and approached Eve in the mildest, blandest and most captivating manner, and insinuated himself into her favor and friendship, assuming to be more interested in her happiness than the God who had made her. Had the tempter appeared otherwise than he did, she would not have listened to him. Had she heard a monkey or a snake speaking, she would have been frightened and fled from its presence. A woman can manage a man, but it takes an angel to manage a woman. "O, yes," some man may say, "I can manage a woman." Yes, I know you can, by brute force; and here he launched out in a most terrible lecture for men who misuse their wives. It so happened that a man was present who had

whipped his wife some time before, and who said to her when he got home:

"I don't like Clawson."

"No, I suppose not," said the wife, "and I know the reason; you don't like him because he told you of your meanness in beating your wife, and I hope for your credit you will never forget what he said."

But, says one, if this was the devil transformed into an angel of light, why call him the serpent? Simply because of all the tribes of flesh and blood there is no creature upon earth whose habits and characteristics so fully represent the devil as the serpent. It is not a bold creature, but a low, mean, sneaking thing, that conceals itself in the grass and waits for its victim, and the first thing the unsuspecting traveler knows, its fangs are in his flesh, and its poison in his blood, coursing through his veins like liquid fire. The serpent has the power of fascinating charming or beguiling anything it desires to make its prey, and on these accounts is the only

creature on earth by which the devil can be represented. So with sinners with their hearts full of the poison of sin and malignity, they would persecute Christians to death.

"O no," says the sinner, "we would not persecute Christians to death."

"I know you won't," said Clawson, "because you know Uncle Sam has Spanish flies enough in his apothecary to draw a blister so large that all the cabbage leaves in the devil's patch could not heal you. You know your necks would pull hemp; that's the reason you would not persecute Christians to death."

On one occasion, when Clawson and Dr. P. T. Laishley were holding a protracted meeting, there was a young man who belonged to the Campbellites, and was very conceited and full of combativeness, called where these brethren were stopping, and seemed anxious to debate with them on the subject of baptism. Neither of them showed a disposition to argue with him. This caused the young man to think they were afraid of him,

and encouraged him to persist in urging the controversy. Clawson got tired of his teasing, and sprang to his feet, saying:

"Now, sir, if you will have it, we will go into a grammatical and critical discussion of this subject; *of*, *to*, *by* and *at* are prepositions, sir."

The young man turned pale and stammered out:

"O, Mr. Clawson, I am no grammarian."

"You no grammarian!" said Clawson, "then how dare you attack a grammarian."

The young man took his excuse, and acted on the maxim, that

> "He who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day."

Speaking of scares, reminds me of a great scare that Dr. Laishley experienced some fifty-four or five years ago, and of which he told me forty-five years since it occurred. I have known the Doctor since my boyhood, and always thought him one of the most fearless men I ever knew. I have seen him

scare the most savage dogs, and send them off howling. Yet, on the occasion alluded to, he acknowledged himself frightened almost to death. The story, as related to me by the Doctor, runs as follows:

"I had business at the town of Middlebourn, on Middle Island Creek (then West Virginia), about seventy miles from my home in Fayette County, Pa. A gentleman by the name of Jones, a merchant living in Greensboro, Greene County, Pa., desired me to take $300 to a Mr. Boreman in Middlebourn, which I consented to do. The money was silver; I put $150 in each end of my saddle-bags, and started on my journey, and by noon was fairly out of the settlement, and in the unbroken forests, where the road had never been traveled by a wheeled vehicle, and all that had been done in making it was the cutting of the trees that had fallen across its course, and blazing an occasional tree on the right and left. My course was south-west, and over the hills that divide the waters that flow

into the Monongahela River from those that flow into the Ohio. In traveling twenty miles I had not seen a human being or habitation. It was in the fall of the year. There had been a heavy white frost in the morning, which caused the many colored leaves of the maple and poplar to fall rapidly all day. It was a golden Indian summer day, and the forest was perfectly beautiful, the air was pleasant, and I was delighted with my journey, excepting that while the country was most excellent for giving a good appetite to man and beast, it was very poor for satisfying the appetite of either. As the day wore away, toward sundown, dark clouds began to loom up in the west, indicative of rain and storm. I began to feel anxious about a place for refreshment and rest. In the dusk of the evening, to my great joy, I saw a log cabin by the way-side, and my tired, hungry horse seemed as glad as I was at the sight, but when I saw the door was shut, I feared lest there might be no one at home; but the loud and fierce bark-

ing of the dog brought to the door a large, rough-looking woman. 'Madam,' said I, 'can I have the privilege of staying all night with you.' 'Well, sir,' said she, 'we are not prepared to entertain strangers; there is a place about six miles from here, where they can entertain you.' Said I: 'It will rain in a short time and be very dark, and I can't follow this road after dark.' 'Well,' said she, 'if you can put up with such fare as we have, we will do all we can to make you comfortable. My husband is away hunting, but will be home after awhile.' So, taking my horse into the field by the house, and giving him some corn and corn blades, and tying him to a stake, I went into the cabin, which was of primitive construction. In a little while the woman had supper ready, which consisted of most delicious stewed venison, corn bread, sweet butter and cool milk, and I thought I never ate a better meal. After praying, I said I was very tired, and if convenient, I would retire. There were two beds, and

she pointed to one, and told me to take that. She went out of doors while I prepared for sleeping. When I got in bed I took a survey of the premises. The walls of round logs were pretty well covered with various articles of clothing and strings of dried pumpkins and beans, while numerous pieces of venison were hung upon pegs driven into the joists. I did not suppose there was a pound of iron used in the construction of the building, except the nails in the door. The chimney, made of mud and sticks, served as window and chimney. Being tired, I soon fell asleep. About 11 o'clock I was awakened by the barking of the dog, but soon found that his barking was only his demonstrations of joy on account of some one he was glad to see. The woman, who was sitting by the fire, opened the door, and a large, rough-looking man, with a butternut colored hunting shirt and a coon-skin cap, stepped in with a deer on his shoulder, which he quietly laid on the floor, and hanging his rifle upon the

gun-rack, took a stool and sat down and commenced a conversation with his wife in low whispers. My saddle and saddle-bags were on the floor at the head of my bed, and the man would look at the bed and then at them. I thought of the money, and that perhaps they had suspected I had money, and as they sat and whispered and looked at the bed and saddle-bags alternately, I began to think they were plotting mischief against me, and that they might put me out of the way, and no one would know what had become of me. When, to my freezing horror, he drew his long hunting knife out of the scabbard that hung by his side and began to feel the edge of it, while talking with his wife, and looking most intently at the bed; then, as if to confirm my worst suspicion, he rose up with his knife in his hand and started towards the bed, noiseless as a cat. I thought my time had come, and that my wife would be a widow, and my little children fatherless, perhaps in a few minutes. I

drew up my feet so as to be ready to make a spring when he should attempt to kill me. He then stopped and looked at me as I lay trembling with my eyes half shut. He then started again towards the bed, looking intently at me, and raising that savage knife right over me. When I was almost in the act of screaming and springing out of bed, he reached up and cut down a piece of venison that hung over me, and quietly went back to his stool and began to chip and eat it. His wife brought him bread and milk, of which he ate heartily. But who can conceive the joy I felt when I saw them both get down on their knees to offer their evening prayers at the throne of heavenly grace. Next morning I found them both happy Methodists, who had come from Eastern Virginia to make a home among the rich hills of West Virginia. They were overjoyed when they found they had entertained a Methodist preacher, as they had not seen one for a whole year. Nothing would do

but I must leave an appointment to preach for them as I came back, which I did, and I never had a better meeting in my life."

I have related this as nearly as I could in the language of the Doctor, who still lives, though feeble, having numbered more than fourscore years.

Chapter XXIV.

Powerful in Prayer—A Fearful Panic Produced by a Collision of Two Steamboats at Night—Crew and Passengers all Saved in Answer to Prayer—His Last Labors in Protracted Meetings.

BROTHER CLAWSON loved his family most intensely, and when away from home would remember them when leading in family devotion, wherever he might be stopping, and when at home he would tell them of what he had seen or done or heard that interested him while away. He was also a great lover of a good horse, and always watered, fed and curried his own. He was indeed a man of prayer. I have known him to become so interested in family prayer, that he would become so wrapt up in the spirit of devotion that he would pour out his desires in the most

eloquent manner, and rise from his knees clapping his hands and praising the Lord, and when he would retire to his bed-room, he spent nearly an hour in communion with God.

"Some years ago," Brother C. C. Conaway says, "Clawson and I were on board a steamboat descending the Ohio River. About 11 o'clock at night, near the town of Newport, Ohio, the steamer 'West Virginia' ran into our boat with fearful force, causing the greatest alarm. Instantly all were ordered to the hurricane deck, as our boat was likely to sink. Brother Clawson was knocked down. I ran to him, and helped him up the stairs to the deck, and, in the midst of the greatest excitement I ever witnessed, as he and I stood locked in each other's arms, he offered up a powerful prayer, and in the most eloquent language I ever heard addressed to a prayer-hearing God. Above the screams of the women and the cries of the children was heard the voice of prayer going up from the heart of my

brother to the ear of his God. As the ears of this frightened company caught the voice of prayer lifted up for their deliverance, their fears gave way to hope, and in a little while they became so calm that only his voice could be heard; and in answer to his prayers, all got safely to land, and many felt what a good old sister said, 'that they owed their deliverance to Clawson's prevailing prayers.' He never forgot my kindness to him, and never met me afterwards without referring to it."

Nothing gave Clawson more pain than to see sinners reject the great salvation, so dearly purchased and freely offered to them, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to witness their reception of it. In confirmation of this, we give the following:

"DEAR BROTHER ROBISON: I wish I had time to write up more fully the last winter's labor of Brother Clawson. At my request, he came to assist me in a few protracted meetings on the Lewis Circuit, where I was

then stationed. He remained with me until late in December, when he was called home by the illness of his wife, promising to come to my house in the May following, that I might write his life, dictated by himself. It was to be Clawson's life by Clawson, but the severe illness of his wife prevented the consummation of the work. While he labored with me, he preached with his old-time vigor and eloquence. Indeed, some of the brethren who had been acquainted with him for forty years, remarked that they never heard Brother Clawson do better preaching. He was very earnest in his efforts to win souls to Christ, canvassing the house almost every night. One night, while passing through the congregation, he invited a lady to go forward to the altar After some conversation, the lady declined to go to the altar. Brother Clawson said, as he turned away from her: 'Madam, you have rejected Christ; you have refused eternal life; now, if you are determined to go to the devil, you and the

devil for it.' After Clawson left her, the lady reconsidered the matter, went forward, and knelt at the altar. When Brother Clawson found her at the altar, he knelt beside her and said: 'God bless you, the devil shall never have one of your bones.' That night the lady was converted, and Brother Clawson rejoiced with her in her new-found joy. The incident seemed to please him very much, and he often related it with great glee. Brother Clawson seemed to have great buoyancy of spirits; the only cloud was the affliction of his companion. Oft, during the winter, around my own family altar, he would earnestly petition the heavenly Father to care for his dear companion.

"D. G. HELMICK."

Chapter XXV.

A Runaway Match—They Meet With Clawson and are Married on the Roadway—A Preacher's Plan to Raise the Stipends.

WHILE pastor of the George's Creek Circuit, Pittsburgh Conference, Brother Clawson had an appointment at what was called Wood Grove Church, a little south of the Pennsylvania line. A quarterly meeting was appointed at this place, and he and his old friend and brother, John T. Miller, who gives me the following, were on their way to the meeting, when quite a novel and unforseen circumstance took place. A young gentleman and lady, both of whom lived in Virginia, had got it into their heads and hearts that it was the will of the Lord that they

should get married; but while they were perfectly willing that the will of the Lord should be done, they found, to their great grief, that the parents of the young lady were very unwilling that the twain should be made one flesh, and peremptorily forbade the bans. The young people, whose hearts were filled with that love that laughs at locks and parental restraints, determined to do what many had done before them, run away to Pennsylvania, where they could be married without a license from the clerk of a county court or the consent of opposing parents. And so they determined, that,

> Come weal or woe, away they would go,
> And left one morning early,
> To be joined for life, as man and wife,
> For they loved each other dearly.

Hoping to find some Gretna Green, where the greatest of their earthly desires might be gratified by their being bound to each other with the silken cords of hymen for life, they resolutely set their faces toward the north star,

the nightly guide, in those times, of all runaways, both black and white, who were fleeing from civil bondage or desiring to be bound (matrimonially). Having safely crossed Cheat River, they knew they were not far from the Pennsylvania line, where they would feel safe from cruel parents, who were opposed to their heaven-born purposes. Yet a considerable distance must be traveled ere they reached Uniontown, the residence of Brother Clawson, who they wished to marry them, or Monroe, where they might find 'Squire Nesmith, who frequently officiated on such occasions. While riding more leisurely, for their horses began to show signs of fatigue, they saw people gathering at a church by the roadside, and supposed there would be preaching, and if so, it would be so nice to step in and be married in the church, and the more so, if the preacher were Brother Clawson; so, riding near the church, the young man asked if there was to be preaching there.

"Yes," said the person inquired of.

"What is the preacher's name ?"

"Brother Samuel Clawson," replied the man.

"Is he here ?"

"No, but he will be here in a few minutes," and looking down the road, said, "there he comes now."

When Clawson and Miller came up, the young man asked for Brother Clawson, and said that he and the young lady with him wished to be married.

Clawson—"This church is in Virginia, and it is about a mile to the line between the States. I can't marry you here, as I am not a citizen of Virginia, and have no license to celebrate matrimony in Virginia, but if you will go over the Virginia line, I will go back and marry you."

To this they readily assented, and Clawson and Miller and the affianced formed the procession, and rode toward the Pennsylvania line, the people at the church wondering

much what it meant, as they saw the preacher and strangers ride away.

Having crossed the line, Clawson said we are now in Pennsylvania. The parties dismounted and hitched their horses to the trees, for it was in the woods, the gentlemen laying their hats off by the wayside, and the bride and groom taking their position in the middle of the road, Brother Miller standing by as witness, Clawson solemnly and firmly bound them together in the bonds of holy matrimony. After the ceremony was over, and Brother Clawson and Miller had congratulated them upon their marriage, the groom said:

"What is your charge, Brother Clawson?"

"We don't make a charge," said Clawson, "but allow the groom to measure his generosity by the estimate he puts upon his bride. When I marry such a fine looking couple as you are, I always get five or ten dollars, but when I marry an indifferent looking

couple, I don't expect more than two or three dollars."

The young man was pleased with the compliment, and handed him a five-dollar bill, which Clawson thankfully received and put into his empty pocket-book, and rode back to the church, well pleased with the occurrence, and, I have no doubt, preached the better from the fact he had a little money in his pocket. The happy couple hastened away to their homes, to be most soundly scolded, yet forgiven on the condition that they would never do so again.

"Lend me a dollar," said a preacher to one of his elders, as he was about to enter his church on Sabbath morning to preach. The elder handed him a dollar; as soon as the services were over, the dollar was returned to the elder, who said:

"What does this mean?"

"Well," said the preacher, "I had no money, and I can't preach worth a cent unless I have money in my pocket."

The hint was taken, and the stipends were immediately raised, and the preacher's wants were supplied.

Preachers have to use a little tact sometimes. One who had rode fifteen miles to preach to a congregation in the country and got no invitation to dinner, spoke to an old gentleman, who looked as though he lived well, and asked him to go home with him and take dinner.

"No," said the old gentleman, "I can't; but you come with me and dine."

"Thank you," said the preacher, "I will."

No preacher ever had to ask for his dinner when preaching there after that.

Chapter XXVI.

A Peaceful End of a Useful Life.

IN THE year 1837, I met Rev. Samuel Clawson in Wheeling, Va., at the session of the Pittsburgh Conference for that year, and formed an acquaintance with him which ripened into a mutual Christian attachment, or brotherly love, which, as the years rolled on, has increased with our knowledge of each other. At that session I joined the conference, of which he had been a member three years, and for many years we were sufficiently near each other for neighborship, and were mutually helpful on our fields of ministerial labors. It is with the greatest pleasure I look back to "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" that we have enjoyed

together. He was always ready for revival work, and never happier than when in it, up to the utmost of his strength. He was peculiarly fitted to do the work of an evangelist, and often succeeded wonderfully where others had utterly failed; and for several years towards the close of his active life, when he did not take work from the conference, spent the principal part of his time in assisting his brethren in holding protracted or quarterly meetings. His labors were always acceptable and usually successful. The zeal of his youthful days was not abated when old age and gray hairs were upon him. His numerous old friends in and around Pittsburgh were delighted when it was reported that his conference (the West Virginia) had elected him one of its ministerial delegates to the General Conference, which held its session in Pittsburgh, May, 1880, but all were disappointed. He did not come. From what cause I do not know. There was quite a rivalry among

the families as to who should have the pleasure and honor of entertaining him. I had hoped to have at least a part of his time, in view of obtaining from him information to enable me to write a biographical account of him that he might sell for his benefit; but in this I was doomed to be disappointed, as he did not come.

I hoped, however, to meet him at Mont Clare, the seat of the West Virginia Conference, last August, when I intended to confer with him about this matter; but, while "man proposes, God disposes." I was to see him once more, but it was not to be at the conference, but at the margin of the stream that divides time from eternity, and over which he was about to pass. While on his way to the conference, of which he was an honored member, he was stricken down with sickness at the house of Brother M. Steel, in Weston, Lewis County, West Virginia, and of this sickness he died. When his name was called by the secre-

tary of the conference, it was announced that he was very sick, and not likely to recover. This cast a gloom over the conference, and many tears were shed. A motion was made to suspend business in order to have a season of prayer for Brother Clawson, and many fervent prayers were offered up in his behalf. Next morning word came that he was worse and sinking. I learned also that he desired to see me once more. Conference again engaged in prayers, and appointed a committee to convey to him an expression of the sympathy of his brethren, and to assure him of their high regard and earnest desire that he might be spared to them and his family. This committtee consisted of Rev. George Nestor, D. D., and Rev. J. J. Mason, D. D. I took the train with them to Weston, where we found him very feeble. When he saw me, he raised up in his bed and stretched out his arms to embrace me, as he always did when we met. While the tears streamed down his pale

face, he expressed his pleasure at seeing me, and said: "You and I have fought side by side long, long ago, and for many years." "Yes," said I, "and there never has been anything in my heart toward you contrary to true Christian brotherly love." "I believe that," said he, "or you would not have come so far to see me." Some one that I supposed was his physician, shook his head at me, and I released his grasp, and laid him down, fearing the excitement had been too great for him. There seemed to be a general breaking down of his whole physical organism, but his mind was clear and active. We thought it improper to prolong our interview, and, after two or three short prayers in his behalf, in which he seemed much interested, we silently withdrew, feeling that "the chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite on the verge of heaven." As I took my last look at my dear old friend, I said to myself:

"Taking him all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again." August 28th, 1882, our dear brother calmly breathed his last, and peacefully passed away from his friends below to join his more numerous friends above, to be welcomed by them to the abodes of the blessed. We feel that a great, good man has fallen, and, like a great oak of his native forest, seems biggest when he's down. There is none to fill the great space he occupied. Or, to change the figure, a burning and a shining light has been quenched on earth. A voice that had been lifted up like a trumpet for fifty years in proclaiming salvation through the blood of the Lamb, is now lost in perpetual silence.

Thank God, that in this season of our bereavement, we hear the great utterance of the Master running along the whole line of being, heard over the grave of him we love, amid rustling leaf and fading flower, and withering grass and dying man: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth

in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." This we believe, and our consolation is that Brother Clawson is safely housed above the region of the shadow and the storm, and with Him in whose "presence there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures forever more. We would not bring him back again if we could; no, no, we would rather sing this pæan:

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast,
Joy for thee, happy friend, thy bark hath passed
The rough sea's foam.
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled;
Home, home.
Thy peace is won; thy heart is filled;
Thou art gone home."

Or,

"Servant of God, well done:
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is run,
And thou art crowned at last."

The following hymn was composed by Brother Clawson in 1850, and was published with another, equally as good, in the *Western Recorder:*

DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

Lord, how supreme are thy commands;
How wise, how deep are all thy plans;
In vain the sons of men oppose,
For thou wilt reign o'er all thy foes.

High in the heavens thy glories shone;
Far in the deep thy truths are known;
Let all the tongues of nature join
To praise a being so divine.

Who would not fear His awful name?
Who would not love the bleeding Lamb,
Who gave His life our souls to save,
That we might live beyond the grave?

Who dares oppose His sovereign sway?
He rules the night; He sends the day;
His power and grace salvation bring;
We all should love this heavenly King.

He will on earth assert His right;
He will o'ercome the sons of night;

His power hell's deep foundations shake,
And then controls the burning lake.

He will in time confirm His own,
And then exalt them to His throne;
There saints and angels shall unite
To reign and walk with Him in white.